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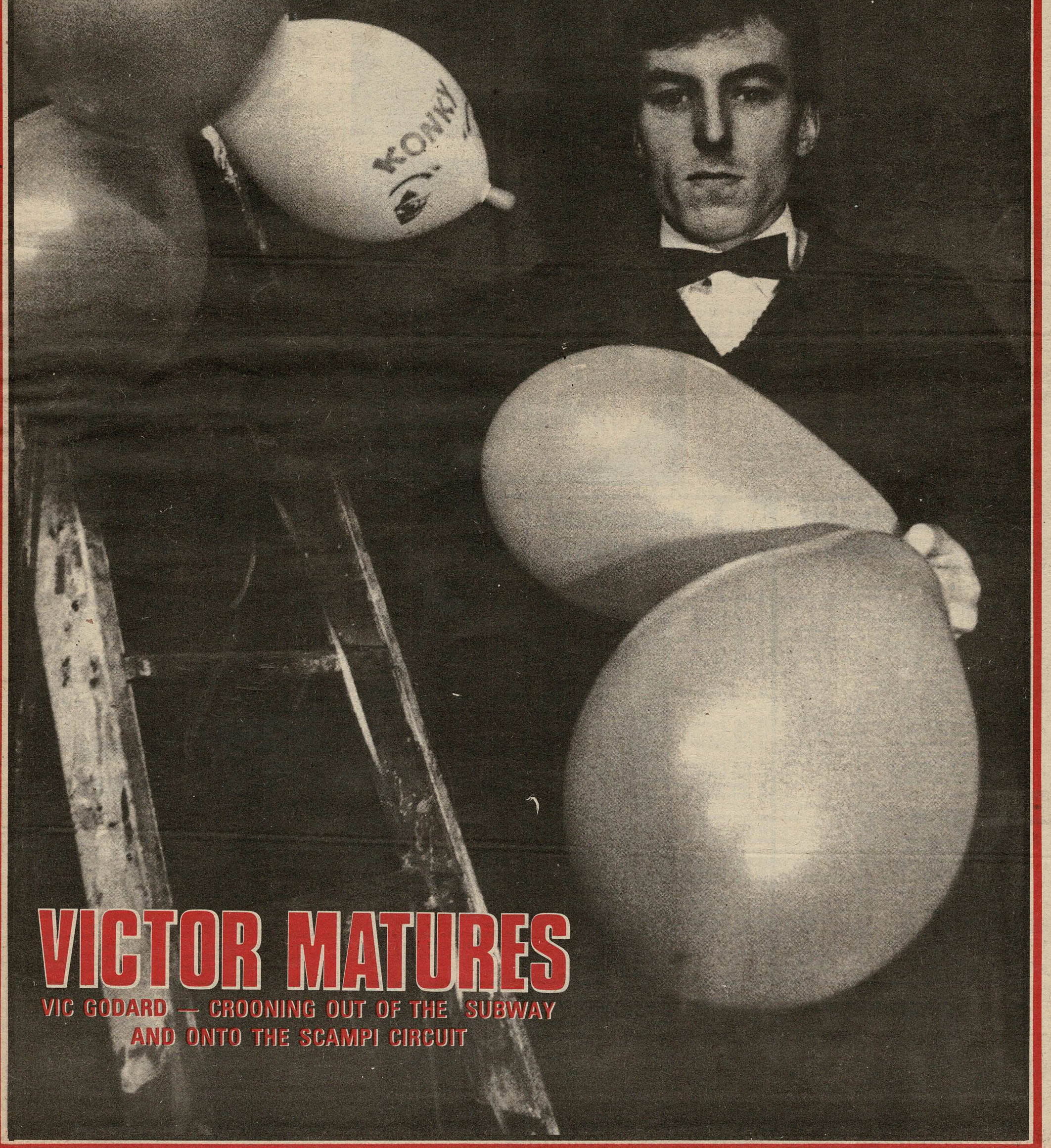
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

POLAND: MEN OF ROCK
RAY DAVIES TOM ROBINSON
BLANCMANGE NONA HENDRYX
PERE UBU STONES IN PRINT



VICTOR MATURES

VIC GODARD — CROONING OUT OF THE SUBWAY AND ONTO THE SCAMPI CIRCUIT

Vic whoops it up. Photograph by Pennie Smith.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**DON'T YOU WANT ME**	**Human League (Virgin)**	4	1
2	1	ONE OF US	Abba (Epic)	3	1
3	4	ANT RAP	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	3	3
4	5	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	4	4
5	6	THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	5
6	3	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	2
7	7	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	5	7
8	18	I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	2	8
9	14	MIRROR MIRROR	Dollar (WEA)	3	9
10	17	YOUNG TURKS	Rod Stewart (Delite)	2	10
11	9	ROCK 'N' ROLL	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	9
12	10	SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD	The Police (A&M)	4	10
13	15	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	13
14	29	I COULD BE HAPPY	Altered Images (Epic)	3	14
15	28	HOKEY COKEY	Snowmen (Stiff)	2	15
16	23	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU	Foreigner (Atlantic)	2	16
17	8	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	9	1
18	11	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	10	4
19	13	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	7	4
20	24	CAMBODIA	Kim Wilde (RAK)	6	13
21	(—)	GET DOWN ON IT	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	1	21
21	21	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	5	21
23	25	STARS OVER 45	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	2	23
24	12	LET'S GROOVE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	3
25	16	UNDER PRESSURE	David Bowie & Queen (EMI)	8	1
26	19	FLASHBACK	Imagination (R & B)	5	18
27	(—)	BRIDESHEAD THEME	Original Soundtrack (Chrysalis)	1	27
28	(—)	WILD AS THE WIND	David Bowie (RCA)	3	20
29	22	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	6	15
30	30	MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY	Slade (Polydor)	2	30

Kool and the Gang in at No 21 *Pic: David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**DARE.. Human League (Virgin)**		11	1
2	4	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	8	1
3	1	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	3	1
4	10	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	13	4
5	3	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	6	1
6	6	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	4
7	8	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	7	5
8	5	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	8	1
9	12	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	9	4
10	13	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	15	2
11	16	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	8	3
12	11	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	7	8
13	7	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	5	7
14	(—)	HITS HITS HITS	Various (Ronco)	1	14
15	21	CHAS & DAVE'S CHRISTMAS JAMBOREE BAG	Chas & Dave (Warwick)	2	15
16	23	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	18	2
17	9	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	6
18	(—)	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	RPO (K-Tel)	13	3
19	15	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	6	15
20	24	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	17	1
21	19	CHANGESTWOBOWIE	David Bowie (RCA)	2	19
22	20	HANSIMANIA	James Last (Polydor)	5	19
23	14	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	4	3
24	(—)	NON STOP CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)	4	9
25	18	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	9	3
26	(—)	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	8	2
27	26	HAWAIIAN PARADISE/CHRISTMAS	Wout Steenhuis (Warwick)	2	26
28	22	RAISE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	11
29	28	ISMISM	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	4	23
30	27	HEDGEHOG SANDWICH	Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	7	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(3)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
2	(9)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking**	Captain Sensible (Crass)
3	(10)	**Happy Crassmas**	Crass (Crass)
4	(1)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
5	(4)	**In God We Trust**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
6	(17)	**Bollocks To Christmas**	Various (Secret)
7	(2)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (NEMS)
8	(5)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul**	Fall (Kamera)
9	(7)	**Four More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(11)	**Papa's Got A Brand New**	Pigbag (Y)
11	(12)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Fac.)
12	(6)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
13	(14)	**Headbutts**	Otway and Barrett (Stiff Indie)
14	(20)	**Three Piece Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
15	(15)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
16	(13)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
17	(18)	**Demolition War (EP)**	Sub Humans (Spider Leg)
18	(19)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
19	(16)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
20	(8)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
21	(22)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman (Recreational)
22	(30)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
23	(—)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
24	(25)	**Last Rockers/Resurrection**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
25	(27)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
26	(26)	**Dead Cities**	Exploited (Secret)
27	(24)	**Lost And Lonely**	The Higsons (Waap)
28	(—)	**Nocturnal Operations**	Orbidoig (Situation 2)
29	(—)	**6 Pack**	Black Flag (Alternative Tentacles)
30	(—)	**Think For Yourself**	The Fits (Rondolet)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(3)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
3	(5)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
4	(2)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Nems)
5	(4)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(8)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
7	(7)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
8	(6)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
9	(13)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
10	(10)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
11	(9)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
12	(—)	**Too Bad DJ**	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
13	(16)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dept Int)
14	(19)	**The Last Call**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
15	(28)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (Cherry Red)
16	(17)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
17	(24)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Div. (Factory)
18	(22)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
19	(14)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
20	(12)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
21	(26)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
22	(15)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
23	(30)	**Playing With A . . .**	Au Pairs (Human)
24	(20)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(25)	**Whole New Generation Of DJ**	Various (Greensleeves)
26	(—)	**Das Kabinet**	Bill Nelson (Cocteau)
27	(11)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
28	(—)	**Inflammable Material**	S.L.F. (R. Trade)
29	(18)	**Ghosts Of Xmas Past**	Various (Crepescule)
30	(—)	**Some Marvels Of Modern Science**	Diagram Brothers (New Hormones)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1 **Jamaican Collie "12"** Lone Ranger (G.G)
2 **Bomb Salute "12"** Lee Van Cleet (Jah Guidance)
3 **Soldier Take Over** Yellow Man (Tanka)
4 **Woman A Come "12"** Marcia Griffiths (Solomonic)
5 **Heroes Dead & Gone "12"** Eek-A-Mouse (EAD)
6 **Collie Man** Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
7 **Cornerstone Dub** Augustus Pablo (Message)
8 **Spider Man Meets Hulk** Big Youth (Negusa Negast)
9 **Go Home Son** Ruddy Thomas (Ruddy T)
10 **Raiding Party** Lord Sasserfras (Horseman)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1

FUNK

1 **You're The One For Me (Inst)** D. Train (Prelude)
2 **Show You My Love** Goldie Alexander (Chazro)
3 **This Beat Is Mine** Vicky D. (Sam)
4 **Shout About It** Lamont Dozier (M&M)
5 **Gigalo (Remix)** Mary Wells (Epic)
6 **U Turn Me On** Tomorrow's Edition (Atlantic)
7 **Garden Of Eve** Yvonne George (RFC)
8 **Feel It** Leonard Seeley's Heritage (Zoo York)
9 **Help Is On The Way (Inst)** Whatnauts (Harlem)
10 **Every Way But Loose** Oneness Of Ju Ju (Sutra)

Kevin Edwards, Spin-In, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

INTERNATIONAL SWEDEN SINGLES

1 **Dead Ringer** Meatloaf (Epic)
2 **You Could Have Been With Me** Sheena Easton (EMI)
3 **Shaky** Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
4 **Tonight I'm Yours** Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
5 **Det Ljuva Livet** Noice (Sonet)
6 **Time** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
7 **Physical** Olivia Newton-John (Polar)
8 **Why Do Fools Fall In Love** Diana Ross (Capitol)
9 **Fantasy** Freestyle (SOS)
10 **The Country Show** Various (Mariann)

(Courtesy GLF/Billboard)

CANADA SINGLES

1 **Young Turks** Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2 **Waiting For A Girl Like You** Foreigner (Atlantic)
3 **Physical** Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
4 **My Girl (Gone Gone Gone)** Chilliwack (Solid Gold)
5 **Don't Stop Believin'** Journey (CBS)
6 **Trouble** Lindsey Buckingham (Elektra)
Oh No Commodores (Motown)
8 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** Police (A & M)
9 **Leather And Lace** Stevie Nicks (Modern)
10 **Harden My Heart** Quarterflash (Geffen)

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corp./Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Don't Give Up On Us** David Soul (Private Stock)
2 **Under The Moon Of Love** Showaddywaddy (Bell)
3 **Money Money Money** Abba (Epic)
4 **When A Child Is Born** Johnny Mathis (CBS)
5 **I Wish** Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6 **Portsmouth** Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
7 **Dr Love** Tina Charles (CBS)
8 **Don't Cry For Me Argentina** Julie Covington (MCA)
9 **Living Next Door To Alice** Smokie (Rak)
10 **Things We Do For Love** 10cc (Mercury)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing** New Seekers (Polydor)
2 **Soley Soley** Middle Of The Road (RCA)
3 **Theme From 'Shaft'** Isaac Hayes (Stax)
4 **Sleepy Shores** Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
5 **Something Tells Me** Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6 **I Just Can't Help Believing** Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **Softly Whispering I Love You** Congregation (Columbia)
8 **Ernie** Benny Hill (Columbia)
9 **No Matter How I Try** Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
10 **Jeepster** T. Rex (Fly)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Green Green Grass Of Home** Tom Jones (Decca)
2 **I'm A Believer** Monkees (RCA)
3 **Morningtown Ride** Seekers (Columbia)
4 **Happy Jack** The Who (Reaction)
5 **Sunshine Superman** Donovan (Pye)
6 **Save Me** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
7 **Any Way That You Want Me** Troggs (Page One)
8 **In The Country** Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9 **What Would I Be** Val Doonican (Decca)
10 **You Keep Me Hangin' On** Supremes (Tamla Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **The Young Ones** Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2 **Stranger On The Shore** Acker Bilk (Columbia)
3 **Let There Be Drums** Sandy Nelson (London)
4 **I'd Never Find Another You** Billy Fury (Decca)
5 **Multiplication** Bobby Darin (London)
6 **Moon River** Danny Williams (HMV)
7 **Let's Twist Again** Chubby Checker (Columbia)
8 **Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen** Neil Sedaka (RCA)
9 **Johnny Will** Pat Boone (London)
10 **Midnight In Moscow** Kenny Ball (Pye)

NME

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No more Stranglers hangin' around

THE STRANGLERS have set up a few dates later this month to promote their latest single 'Golden Brown', which is released on January 11.

First of the concerts is at Sheffield Poly on January 21, after which the band appear at Aberystwyth University (22), Leicester University (23), Brighton Top Rank (25), Guildford Civic (26), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (27) and Poole Arts Centre (31).

It's rumoured that Hugh Cornwell is toying with the idea of an acting career and has been discussing various projects with *Long Good Friday* star Bob Hoskins. But, claimed a spokesperson, Hugh doesn't want to get involved in anything that will interfere with The Stranglers' commitments.

Pic: Al Johnson

And another venue for Brixton

FOLLOWING last week's announcement of a major rock and roll centre being set up in Brixton, comes new of *another* multi-media entertainment complex in the same area.

The Ace Cinema is to be converted into an entertainment venue with facilities for concerts, films, discos, roller-skating and theatrical productions. Originally known as the Palladium, and built around the turn of the century as a music hall, the Ace is being developed by two local businessmen, David Style and Eddie Taubman, who claim that it will be operational sometime in March.

An Ace spokesman, commenting on the sudden flurry of enterprise that has brought Brixton two new venues almost simultaneously, claimed: "The Ace is quite unlike The Fair Deal (the 5000 capacity rock showplace that is being developed from the Brixton Astoria). Style and Taubman's venue will be smaller, a multi-media place with more of a club atmosphere. But music will certainly play a great part in its existence and concerts spanning rock, reggae and funk — in fact, the whole spectrum of modern music — are being planned."

MAJOR ROCK VENUE FOR BRIXTON

Last week's NME

● Meanwhile, in the Midlands, Gemini Productions, a new company, have announced plans to turn the Carlton cinema, at Moseley near Birmingham, into yet another large-scale rock venue.

Promotional manager Tony Owens stated: "It's rather like the London Rainbow and has a 4000 capacity. We're hoping that the venue, which is to be renamed the Gemini-Carlton, will open in March and we're already talking to top-line acts in the UK and abroad about possible concerts."

It's understood that a major reggae act has been approached to top the bill on the Gemini-Carlton's opening night — though contracts have not yet been exchanged.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

PAULINE BLACK is rehearsing for a musical play called *Trojan* at Hammersmith's Riverside Studios. She features as both an eighteenth century slave and as the deaf-mute victim of a nuclear holocaust. Directed by Trevor Laird, the black actor recently profiled in *NME* who played Beefy in the movie *Babylon*, *Trojan* is being readied for a tour which should get underway at the end of February. Since leaving The Selecter, Black has signed to Chrysalis as a solo artist and will be recording a new single and album shortly.

Fela charged with robbery, car theft, possession...

So what else have you got?

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI, Nigeria's leading rock musician, has been released on bail following his arrest in Lagos in early December. Kuti was charged with robbing the 7-Up bottling company, stealing a car, cultivating cannabis and possessing weed thought to be Indian hemp, along with numerous other offences — including the possession of a Nigerian Fire Services beret.

The arrest followed a police raid on Kuti's home and another raid on The Shrine, a Lagos club owned by the Africa '70 leader. It is claimed that several of the musician's friends were also arrested and assaulted, while Kuti's home, a nearby school and several neighbouring houses were the subject of a police tear-gas attack.

It seems probable that the charges owe much to political motives, for Kuti, who attempted to form a party to oppose the Nigerian ruling party in 1979, has claimed that he will once more stand in opposition during the 1983 elections. The recent charge is therefore seen as an attempt to jail him until the elections are safely over.

Currently Kuti is at home resting a damaged leg, a legacy of a police beating. But he still hopes to embark on an American tour in May and hopefully fulfil some European dates shortly after.

Kuti's 'Black President' album registered high in *NME's* 1981 critics' poll. The follow-up set 'Original Sufferhead' was released by Arista in December.

Fela Kuti

Garvey revs up

NICK GARVEY, former mainman with The Motors, has formed a new group and is set to play a number of London club dates. The band, unnamed, features Garvey on lead vocals, guitar and keyboards, along with original Motors guitarist Bob Hendry, bassist Mick Broadbent, drummer Michael Desmarais and an as yet unidentified pianist.

Dates so far announced are: Wimbledon Nelson's (January 10), Canning Town Bridge House (12), Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (13), Clapham 101 Club (14), Camden Dingwalls (16), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (19), Euston Golf Club (20) and Islington Hope And Anchor (22). Garvey has now signed to Virgin as a solo act and will be recording an album shortly.

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Nona now: itchin' and bustin' out

LAURA HARDY draws the connections between Material, Labelle, Jerry Harrison and Rusty Egan. Picture by DAVID CORIO

MATERIAL leave to… Nona Hendryx flies i… record a single in Lon… with Rusty Egan. Her name has been appearing on Talking heads albums, on Jerry Harrison's solo album, with Material on Ze . . .

It's all a long way from Labelle, in their silver suits, belting out 'Lady Marmalade' in 1975. What's been happening since then?

"After Labelle, I made a solo album on Epic. It was a rock album. I did a couple of singles. I began to feel uncomfortable, I wasn't sure what I wanted to do . . . so I spent nine months just thinking.

"I lived in England during the punk era, so a lot of ideas hit me. I liked a lot of what happened during that period.

"Then I went to see Defunkt in New York . . . I really liked them. They were so . . . chaotic, and that really appealed to me. We met and I did some songs with them."

Ever recorded? Imagine, the great lost tapes of Nona and Defunkt, too good to be true.

"No. It's a shame, but just at that time I got involved with some other people, Judy Nylon and some others, and we formed a band — Zero Cool. It wasn't music I was used to . . . it was very unsettled, very undefined, very interesting."

What happened to Zero Cool?

"We decided to go our separate ways. I wanted things to get funkier."

Are you going to make something on your own now, a solo album?

"I'm working with Jerry Harrison, but that's another collaboration. I'm supposed to be making an album with Material. I'm not really interested in being a solo artiste. I'm a creative parasite, in a positive way."

But you do have your own band?

"Yes . . . Nona Hendryx and Propaganda. We will be making an album, it'll come out on WEA."

I hope so. I'm getting tired of listening to 14 minutes' worth of singles over and over again. I want to hear her songs, her voice . . . Although I like Material without her, I *love* Material with her. So how much are the songs she's done with Material hers?

"They wrote the music, it was their initial idea . . . I was just supposed to come in and do the vocals, but it got a little involved. The words weren't complete and some of them just weren't me, so Bill Lazwell and I worked them out together."

A lot of people were very disappointed that you didn't sing with Material while they were here. What happened?

"Yeah, well I'd like to have been with them, but they do other work with other people, they have their own way of working. It's just one of those things. Hopefully I'll be over in March with my own band doing some gigs."

Playing what?

"Well this single I'm doing with Rusty, and 'Bustin' Out', anything people want to hear."

Do people still come and see you because you're ex-Labelle?

"Yes . . . with that other band Zero Cool they were a little shocked. They'd stand there saying, what is this?" She puts her hands over her ears and grimaces.

Right now Nona Hendryx is singing on some of the best disco tracks available. I would venture to suggest that she is about to become a very hot property indeed. All the work she has put into other people's projects should start paying off for her. The strength of her voice and her masterful handling of funk lyrics cuts right across the board. It's time we heard some pure Nona, unadulterated true love dance music. But what can a sudden Nona Hendryx fan rush out and buy?

"'It's A Holiday' on Ze's Christmas record, 'Bustin' Out' and an old Supremes number 'Itchin' In My Heart', which is out in France on Barclay but should be available on import soon."

What is this project you're in London for?

"I've been here working with Rusty Egan, and we've made a single. It sounds pretty good. It's an old song, 'Do What You Wanna Do'. It will be out in January."

Nona Hendryx sounds as though she is overworked, but it doesn't show. When she first arrived, flushed from the bracing British weather, I could have believed I was meeting a gymnast, not a singer. But Nona Hendryx possesses an unearthly voice, which somehow originates from her petite body and fresh features. When did she start singing?

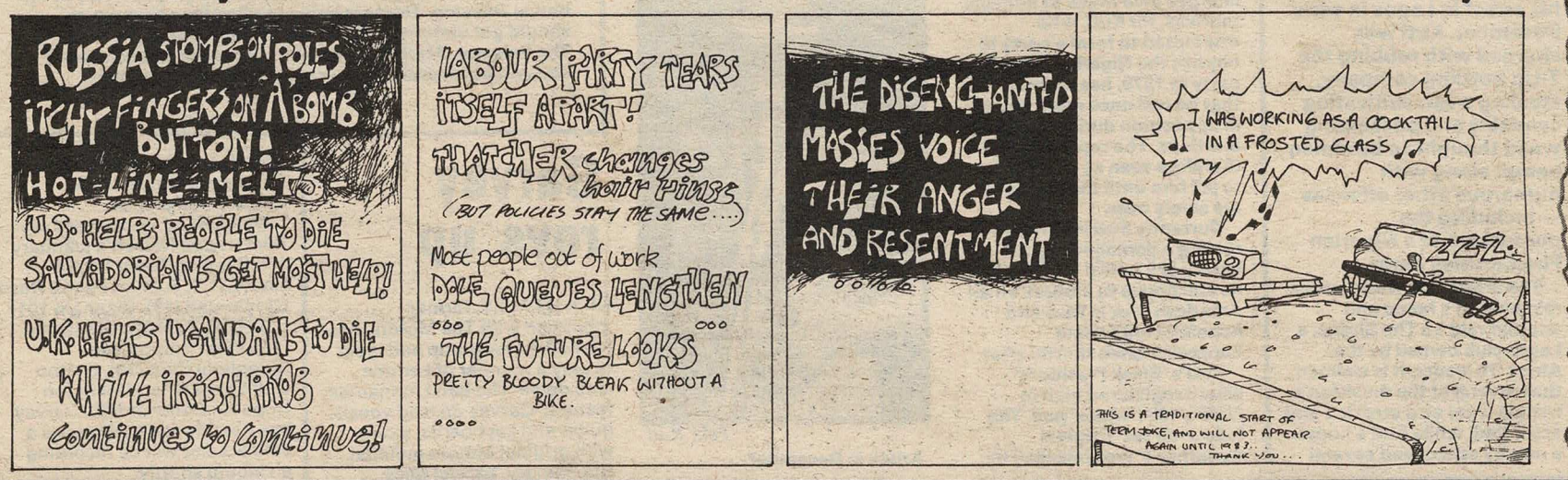
"Oh, I wanted to be a history teacher, but in my final year at school I made a record. 'Down The Aisle'. It was a hit and . . . well, here I am."

Just waiting to bust on out.

ARCHIVE FUN

AS YOU KNOW, the very *last* thing we like to do around here is embarrass anybody. And so, since the rest of the paper's been written by now, it's time once again to embarrass somebody. Heh, heh. Well, here goes: the victim of this week's little quizette is now a big big star — even bigger than Billy Idol (that's a clue, by the way). The pic was taken in 1974. Her T-shirt says Kim. The guitar says Marty. Go on — take a *Wilde* guess . . .

The Lone Groover


RUSSIA STOMPS ON POLES
ITCHY FINGERS ON A BOMB BUTTON!
HOT-LINE-MELTS
U.S. HELPS PEOPLE TO DIE
SALVADORIANS GET MOST HELP!
U.K. HELPS UGANDANS TO DIE
WHILE IRISH PROD
CONTINUES TO CONTINUE!
LABOUR PARTY TEARS ITSELF APART!
THATCHER changes hair rinse
(BUT POLICIES STAY THE SAME . . .)
Most people out of work
DOLE QUEUES LENGTHEN
THE FUTURE LOOKS
PRETTY BLOODY BLEAK WITHOUT A BIKE.
THE DISENCHANTED MASSES VOICE THEIR ANGER AND RESENTMENT
I WAS WORKING AS A COCKTAIL IN A FROSTED GLASS
ZZZ.
THIS IS A TRADITIONAL START OF TEEM JOKE, AND WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN UNTIL 1983. . . THANK YOU . . .

Benyon

RESULTS DESK . . . RESULTS DESK . . .

FOOTBALL COMBINATION
v NORWICH (28 November 1981) **2-0**
Hucker, Neill, Dawes, Duffield, Hazell, O'Connor, Fereday, McClure, Muir, Wilkins, Burke. *Scorers:* O'Connor, Fereday.

Uncovered again! Asked the secret of her success in scoring on her QPR Reserves debut, Hazel quipped: "It's A Mystery!" (Are you sure? — Ed.). Cutting from QPR programme sent by Steve Masters.

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer

ANNIE LENNOX
of The Eurythmics

45s
Hong Kong Garden
Siouxsie & The Banshees
Der Mussolini .....DAF
Let's Have A Party.....Robert Crash And The Psychotic Tanks
("It's a spoof of the original.")
Wichita Lineman.....Glen Campbell
Respect Yourself..... Staple Singers
Fashion .....David Bowie

LPs ("Just a random selection.")
I Just Can't Stop It .....The Beat
Kaya .....Bob Marley
Tom Tom Club.....Tom Tom Club
Cut.....The Slits
All Good Men .....Beaver And Krause
("Nobody knows who they are; it's a most unusual thing and it's deleted now — a lot of it is done on synthesizer; it's from 1972.")
Before And After Science ...Brian Eno

LIKES
Ricard
Visiting Amsterdam
Sequins, diamante ("Anything that glitters, really. I love glitter.")
The Tales Of The Brothers Grimm
("Almost all the reading I enjoy is fantasy.")
***Oor Wullie* annuals**
Matt Fretton ("who is supporting us on tour. He's 17 years old and composes all his own backing tracks — he sings in front of those and I think he's extremely, extremely talented.")
The artwork of Jimmy Rizzi ("who did the Tom Tom Club LP and video. The 'Radio Clash' video also seems quite good.")

DISLIKES
Posers
Ignorance ("I dislike ignorance almost more than anything else.")
Bad smells
Defeatism

Quo L-R: CVoghlan, Parfitt, Rossi, Lancaster

Coghlan quits Quo — is rock finally dead?

JOHN COGHLAN, founder-member and drummer with Status Quo, this week announced that he was leaving the band. For some time now he has been leading a part-time outfit known as John Coghlan's Diesel Band, which has also featured Andy Bown and Jackie Lynton. Now he intends to organise the band as a full working unit and plans are already set for an album and single.

Asked why he was parting company with Rossi, Parfitt and Lancaster after such a long association, Coghlan claimed: "I've been 20 years with Quo and now I just want to play some different music. The split has been entirely amicable."

Coghlan recently completed his rhythmic chores on Quo's new album, which is being mixed in Switzerland. His successor has not yet been named but William Hill is quoting Ginger Baker at 50-1, Rusty Egan and and Buddy Rich at 200-1, with Tony Stewart favourite at 2-1 on.

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These days, good leather undies are like gold-dust . . . Sent by Conception of Sperm Whale.

Records for hire

RENTING RECORDS instead of selling them could be the future for your local record store.

If a new Japanese scheme catches on here, your records would not only be cheaper, but returnable. Instead of keeping an album permanently, you could trade it in when you got tired of it.

In Tokyo, the owner of a major chain or record stores has already changed his retail outlets into musical lending libraries. And in New York, the number of customers nearly caused a riot when one record shop decided to rentout its stock.

The scheme works in a similar way to video hire — the customer pays a deposit, and on returning the record gets a sum of cash back. But whereas the rtailer would make more profit renting albums than if he actually sold them, the record manufacturer would only still only make money on the first sale.

With the anhnual increase in blank cassette sales, its easy to see how such a method could tie in with home taping. And in a week when further price increases have been announced, there are fears that rental could undermine the already shakey record industry.

Although the BPI claimed that it couldn't comment on events outside of its official jurisdiction, a spokesman did say that if record rental was introduced into Britain on a very large scale, it would not be welcome.

"It would greatly encourage home taping," he added.

And who knows, with a huge range of music available to the public at a nominal fee, it might even revolutionise the industry.

ROY CARR

A MEMO From Turner: Nicolas Roeg directed Garfunkel in *Bad Timing*, Jagger in *Performance* and Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* . . . Ringo Starr didn't appear in the movie *Stardust* whilst Stevie Wonder takes responsibility for having written and recorded the soundtrack for 'The Secret Life Of Plants'. These were the answers to *NME's* recent rock flicks competition and here are the names of the first 25 readers who answered all three questions correctly and who will receive copies of Fred Dellar's intriguing illustrated source book, **The NME Guide To Rock Cinema** (Hamlyn):-

Bob Barrs, Small Heath, Birmingham; Peter Beard, Windsor; S Bingham, Chichester; Michael Bruce, Middlesbrough; Andrew Clayden, Cheshunt; S Crawford, Co. Antrim; Martin Davies, Ilkeston; Graham Davis, Kamphill, Surrey; Mike Dwyer, Dublin; Jim Elrick, Aberdeen; Richard Evans, Southwick, W Sussex; Stephen France, Huddersfield; Richard Gill, Stoke Poges; Dick Groves, Brighton; David Hall, Arundel; B Harrington, Stevenage; Gordon Macintyre, Oban; P Metcalfe, Edmonton, London; Steve Noble, Bristol; Tony Osinski, Fife; Stuart Penney, Harrow; Simon Pitt, Handsworth, Birmingham; N A Rowley, Manchester; P Rutherford, Hexham, Northumberland; Peter Sanderson, Cheadle, Cheshire.

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Departs morning 15th February. £20 deposit secures a place. Tick Box 1. Return morning 17th February

GILLAN
+ Tygers of Pan Tang (Skipper Shuttle) at Poperigre in Belgium. The price of £38 includes
● Tickets for concert ● Cross channel ferry crossing ● Return luxury coach trip reclining seats/stereo.
Departs morning 29th January. Returns midday 30th January. £20 deposit secures a place. Tick Box 2.

EARTH WIND & FIRE
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● Tickets for the concert Tick Box 3

E.L.O.
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● Tickets for the concert Tick Box 4.

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NME

Here comes the New Year — same as the old year . . .

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PHIL McNEILL picks the bones of the season's rock and roll turkeys

THESE DAYS, so the cliche goes, Christmas and New Year means telly time.

So what did you get this year? Me, I got science fiction, mystery and adventure, Hitchcock, Hamlet and Hammer horror, pop stars, aliens and gods . . . and that was just **Artemis 81** (BBC1).

Undeterred by David Rudkin's three-hour TV film being hard-sold on the basis that it starred Sexy Sting, and in the face of universal scorn and disbelief, I have to confess that I was fascinated by the epic ambition and (everything but the) kitchen sink dramas of *Artemis 81*. As Hywel Bennett trailed from the seduction in the library to the death in the cathedral (or rather, two deaths in two cathedrals) via the underground mental deathcamp and ye olde pagan statue mystery, it became apparent that if anything *Artemis 81* was too short . . . or, if you insist, Rudkin just tried to squeeze too much in. The scenes where, for instance, Sting's evil brother Asrael (Roland Curran) conjures up terrifying apparitions to waylay Bennett en route to the denouement, should either have been expanded or dumped. As it was, one little spectral horseman and a posse of chanting children was just a token gesture.

Still, one thing *Artemis 81* certainly didn't lack was a plot; the only problem — deliberately set — was to unravel it. By comparison, **Close Encounters Of The Third Kind** (ITV) and **2001: A Space Odyssey** (BBC1) were like ABC.

Thirteen years on, *2001* remains a helluva movie. But I found myself excusing it next day to people who found it as dull on TV as I'd found *Close Encounters* as a first-time viewer the week before: you had to see it on the big screen. (Preferably from the front row. And preferably — a doctor writes — while 'tripping'. The hallucination scenes may seem like a tame lightshow now, in comparison to the likes of Ken Russell's brilliantly realistic magic mushroom sequences in *Altered States*, but in '68 *2001* was visual Grateful Dead . . .)

By coincidence, according to the JICTAR computer, The Grateful Dead were the only pop group on the planet not to appear on telly in the past fortnight. And amid the welter of best-ofs, the amateur presenters of **Something Else** (BBC2) showed they understand the urgency and relevance of rock music better than the condescending old lags of **TOTP** (BBC1) and the earnest old duffers of **OGWT** (BBC2) will ever do.

TOTP staged a 'party' on Christmas Day, overflowing with smarming Radio One DJs and large contingents of our foremost young poseurs preening through a succession of pleasant '81 pop hits. The fancy dress and streamers and dismal attempts to be seen having 'fun' must have cast a damper over many a Christmas celebration; the awful thing is, *TOTP* has been putting out programmes like that for months.

Another year, another hit! The Old Grey Whistle Test's Tip For '82 — Watford-based cult band The Fabulous Sextet — show their paces on next week's show. But can you identify the individual members of this new supergroup? For solution, see opposite . . .

The W.H.Smith Record Sale is on.

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WHSMITH

Subject to availability. At full record departments where you see this sign. Offer ends 25th January.

The *Whistle Test* shocked us all by opening with an in-concert clip of Bruce Springsteen, running about in a fashion remarkably similar to the Springsteen scenes that finished off *last* year's *OGWT* highlights. Well, if *TOTP* plastic is the traditional Xmas lunchtime fare, leaden *OGWT* pudding in now the established New Year dessert. And was it leaden. Were Spirit, Adam & The Ants and the Gang Of Four really the only people who managed to play a decent song in the *Whistle Test* studios all year??

In this context, *Something Else* lived up to its name. Certainly this uneasy programme, which allies the Beeb's Community Programmes Unit with 'young people' from different locales, has produced some of the most twee TV in the past two years — but when it comes to music it does it better than anyone. The Jam's version of 'Funeral Pyre' was simply the best they've ever been captured for the box — and any programme that can assemble Dexys Midnight Runners, Joy Division and The Clash to play live has got three things at least that no other TV show has yet managed.

Really, it's laughable. So many TV whizzes have tried to duplicate the mighty *Ready Steady Go!* through so many slick formats, from Tony Wilson's self-conscious punditry and Mike Mansfield's slam-bang video effects and imported trendy audiences, to the futile efforts of the established giants . . . and *Something Else* stumbles onto the key seemingly almost by accident.

What the kids on *Something Else* have got that TV producers obviously lack is *empathy*. I mean, suppose you forget about technical wizardry, fancy dress audiences and pristine studios, and just put a band in a conducive situation in front of a small, genuinely responsive audience and then *concentrate on getting the best out of the group!* Y'know, it just might work . . .

Meanwhile the fancy dress audience approach to programme-making ran riot on Saturday as Central TV launched its first networked foray, Chris Tarrant's **O.T.T.** It's months' time we'll all be addicted to the thing, but this first stab at *Tiswas*-for-adults was both predictable and erratic. While Tarrant sat and displayed his talent for affability in the face of carefully staged chaos, the gags and skits ran the full range from dire to mildly amusing. The men in balloons can stay, but at one hour to midnight all those old *Tiswas* hacks and their custard pies bear a remarkable resemblance to children's hour pumpkins.

A post-Christmas Carroll by PENNY REEL

Pic: David Corio

Simply, hopelessly in love . . .

"THERE ARE many queens of lovers rock," says Carroll Thompson when I suggest that she might be.

It is little more than a year since her arrival on the UK reggae scene with 'I'm So Sorry' for the lovers rock master technician Leonard Chin, is established among the foremost exponents of the style, with her fifth consecutive hit 'Just A Little Bit' achieving a current placing at the top end of the reggae chart.

Hertfordshire lass Carroll was born in Hitchin in 1960 and grew up in Letchworth. Like many before her she started singing in the choir of her local New Testament church, and on leaving school made early musical connections singing in the Hansa back up outfit Sugarcane behind the likes of Amii Stewart, Eruption and Boney M.

Her break came when she met manager-producer Bertie Grant who was at the time looking for someone to record. He introduced her to Leonard Chin and her second single 'I'm So Sorry' became the prominent lovers rock success of 1980, selling some 20,000 copies.

Her follow-up, 'Simply In Love' also proved popular, though she parted company wih Leonard Chin after it, and went on to score her biggest success to date this summer with 'Hopelessly In Love', also the title of her debut album.

She records at Easy Street studio in the East End, which she describes as a "home atmosphere", where she employs the services of various Black Slate and Equators musicians, plus Aswad's Angus Gaye, Cimarons' Jah Bunny and others.

She thinks lovers rock is "a good term really, but I also sing other things as well. Sometimes I don't think it's a good thing to be in one bag. The first singer who really caught my imagination was Diana Ross, also Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick, and reggaewise Marcia Griffiths and Judy Mowatt. Though my main reggae influence was Bob Marley."

And also cites her contemporary colleagues in the lovers rock mode Jean Adebambo, Saffrice, Melina Carrone, Louisa Mark and Janet Kay.

"Hearing them and seeing them gave me the incentive to go out and try my luck," she says.

FABULOUS SEXTET REVEALED

Well, did you get 'em? The Fabulous Sextet — who appeared just once on 'Late Extra', "the Associated-Redifusion programme which introduces personalities of note and talent who give late-night London its glamour" — were (L-R): Humphrey Lyttleton (trumpet), Steve Race (piano), The Duke Of Bedford (bass), Peter Sellers (drums), Norman Wisdom (clarinet) and Larry Adler (mouth organ).

utterly new:

FELICITY : A Side

in a nutshell : AA Side

Stephen, easily the most personable and sensible of the audience already. Like the tea ladies really have a totalitarian attitude
"She had really big teeth, just like the early Beatles!"
David, the quiet, young upstart
wanders about nervously, making sure everyone's there.
goal in life he feels he has something
So there you have it.
James usually a cannibal!", he can be a bit difficult
rolls his eyes heaven is a friendly rap-
Edwyn, who was wearing leather cowboy boots, and the top of his front teeth, resembling a horse in dire need of a dentist.
Bowie, or Ziggy, or Zowie.

New 45 ORANGE JUICE

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Still Raging Still Seething

Tom shakes his moneymaker. ("Ere, watch it or I won't talk to you till 1984" — T.R.). Pix: David Corio

It's official: Tom Robinson is still an angry young rock star. Except now it's NME he's mad about. ED FENTON, up against the wall. . .

THE MENU at the Pizza Express announced that for every Venetian pizza ordered, the restaurant would send ten pence to the Save Venice fund. Tom Robinson promptly ordered one. I think he would have asked for a bowl of dog shit if it could have helped somebody.

Cynical? Last November Tom Robinson called off a tour of Australia just so that he could take part in the GLC-sponsored 'Jobs For Youth' gigs at the Rainbow.

Three days after that free concert I met him over dinner, and asked him about his departure from Sector 27, the band he formed in 1979 after the break-up of The Tom Robinson Band.

"I just didn't feel I could go any further down that road," he says. "With Sector 27, I was trying consciously to bury the myth of the TRB. Maybe I tried too hard. It got to the stage where I was almost pretending not to be me. And after two years I was getting a bit fed up with denying my own past, without any result."

The press, Tom maintains, were loath to regard Sector 27 as anything more than an extension of the TRB.

"They came along to the gigs and reviewed them just like TRB gigs — as if every song had a deep message. The last gig we ever did together, in June, *NME* gave a one-line review: 'Tom Robinson played another boring concert at Heaven'. No acknowledgement that Sector 27 even existed. The other band members bore up really well, but I think they're better off without me."

When I rang you up originally you said that *NME* sends shivers down your spine. Are you very susceptible to press criticism?

"Well, I used to be. But at a certain point — actually it was when Paul Morley did the Peter Gabriel feature — I stopped buying *NME* regularly. This realisation dawned on me: that if I was to worry about my hip credibility, and to actually think about what *NME* would write about anything I was doing, I'd probably cut my throat. It may sound obvious, but it required a certain amount of self-belief, which I'd lost after the break-up of the TRB."

Tom Robinson has just completed a tour of Japan, using New York record producer Richard Mazda's group The Cosmetics as his backing band. He is still full of enthusiasm about his trip.

"It's very easy to be cynical about the Japanese market, especially when you've got a crowd of Japanese teenage girls. It's easy to say, Oh they're just screaming because so-and-so looks pretty. But these people write to you later and say, 'I came because I saw a picture of the drummer in magazines, but I was really interested when you sang 'Right On Sister', what's it about?' And you realise that they think seriously about the music as well."

Back in England at the Rainbow, for his first gig since leaving Sector, he marked the occasion by resurrecting half a dozen old Tom Robinson Band numbers. The crowd of 2000 young jobless people reacted with delight — the songs obviously still carry a strong message of defiance and hope. But he says that this isn't going to be a pattern for the future.

"At the Rainbow I simply addressed myself to the occasion. Under the circumstances, I couldn't resist playing 'Too Good To Be True' and 'Up Against The Wall'. There really is a panic in County Hall now, isn't there, what with Ken Livingstone and the Law Lords."

But I was surprised to hear these old songs — with Sector 27 there was a deliberate decision to drop all TRB numbers from the set.

"Well, that was true for Sector 27. I'm not the same thing as Sector 27 was, or as TRB was," he says. "But as a prime writer in those bands I have those songs to draw on."

Are you going to carry on working with The Cosmetics?

"I'll see how the whim takes me. Richard Mazda in particular is a source of inspiration. But I don't want to get into a marriage situation, or even to have one band as my 'regular boyfriend'. I'm working freelance."

Later, in Robinson's Hammersmith flat, I listen to some of his new songs; I'm especially impressed by one called 'Bonfire' which he is working on.

"I'm very much in love with synthesizers these days," he says. "I don't use them much on record, but I use them to write bass lines, which then sound really odd when I play them on the bass guitar."

As far as equipment is concerned, he is interested in "the trash end of the market".

"I've just got a Micro-moog, which is a one-oscillator synth. It cost me £220 second hand. I put quite a high priority on having cheap stuff to do the job. You get caught in a trap if you start buying micro-composers and the really complicated stuff because you start getting far more possibilities than you can possibly explore. You lose sight of the music if you have a synthesizer which can make the tea."

While he is talking, I sneak a look at some fan letters he has received from Japan. Tom is halfway through answering them all — in Japanese.

And I am reminded again of Ken Livingstone, as I wonder why the press love to criticise the few people who try to live up to their ideals.

ERROL

ERROL HERE, the first foot in the door. As always.

There is only one way to start a new year. Not with a whimper, but a Tequila Banger. You mix a shot of tequila with some lime, add a small bottle of dry ginger, cover the top of the glass, bang it once on the bar and ceremonially down the whole frothing mess in one . . . BANG!

That was the fizz that literally knocked me sideways into 1982 and if it's Ne'earday then I must be in bonny Scotland where the general rule of the season is Nae Bottle Nae Entry. My host is the garrulous **Gary McGrotty,** the mouth behind most of the hottest nightspots in Scotland. Gary is immortalised in clubland history as the only man to have talked **Perry Haines** to submission. He was relieved, however, not to have a second claim to fame after nearly cremating his car — complete with its cargo of **Spandau Ballet's Gary Kemp** and **John Keeble** — while going for the world landspeed record on the M8 motorway only a couple of hours into the new year.

Kemp and Keeble recovered sufficiently to undertake a relentless binge that took in Maestros, Valentinos, JJs, Nicos, Refreshers, the Glasgow Rock Garden and a host of house parties in one hectic weekend. I'm telling you, it was serious.

We celebrate the fact that the 'Chant' single has just been voted the year's most successful floor-filler by a panel of Scotland's club disc jockeys. Over champagne and snakebites, Gary tells me of the four-record boxed-set of ambitiously-mixed 12" singles that will accompany the band's imminent second album and I tell him my latest true **Steve Norman** joke — the one where he nearly wets his pants after losing the key to a locked chain around his waist, a classic 'Normanism' if ever there was one.

But let's groove! I adjourn to Valentinos in Edinburgh for a wee dram — the larger Scottish measures naturally — with **Jo Callis** of **The Human League** and a quick dance with **Davey Henderson** of **Fire Engines.** Davey seems somewhat unsatisfied with the current state of the band, but he sure moves pretty well to 'Get It On'.

Back to Glasgow and **Altered Images.** The band giggle and tell me about how they saw **Sally James'** bum backstage on last Saturday's *Tiswas* and I tell them that they should be given their own nationwide TV show immediately if not sooner. Then again, they are already on Scottish television every other night of the week at the moment. **Clare** and I fall in love and decide that we could be happy over lemonade and trifle. And then we all head off for Maestros.

My good friend **Jim Kerr** is there with a couple of fellow minds, as is **Ross Middleton** of **Leisure Process,** irritating everyone with the Kodak Instamatic that some fool gave him for Christmas . . .

Ah yes, Christmas! It seems so long ago now. Being a child of the world, I had no family commitments and spent a few days in Manhattan.

Naturally I went to the Ze Christmas party. My old compatriot **August** was there along with **Alan Vega, The Waitresses** and **Nona Hendryx.** I asked August how he survives all that attention from **Penman, Thrills** and **Morley.** How he laughed at that! And August, you're not even gay. "No, but I may be by the end of 1982!" August also expressed an interest in getting my house artist **Serge Clerc** to illustrate his next album sleeve. "That guy really captures my style."

Then there was a **Savannah Band** show at the Underground. **Grace Jones** was there. So was **Rick James.** Grace was flitting about like a butterfly, smiling at everyone and being charming. Rick skulked around beside his big bodyguard. I told him that I quite liked his album. "Yeah, man, uh, thanks." I asked him if he'd be playing shows again soon. "Uh, yeah, sure." See ya.

I'll never dedicate a cocktail to Rick. But Grace . . . she is still simply full of grace.

We aren't criticising heavy metal music. Far from it.

What we are being critical about, however, is the effect heavy metal tonearms can have on records.

That's the reason for the straight, low-mass tonearm on the Sony PS LX2 turntable.

Made from a special aluminium alloy, the Sony tonearm is considerably lighter than conventional ones. The result is lower tracking error and less distortion.

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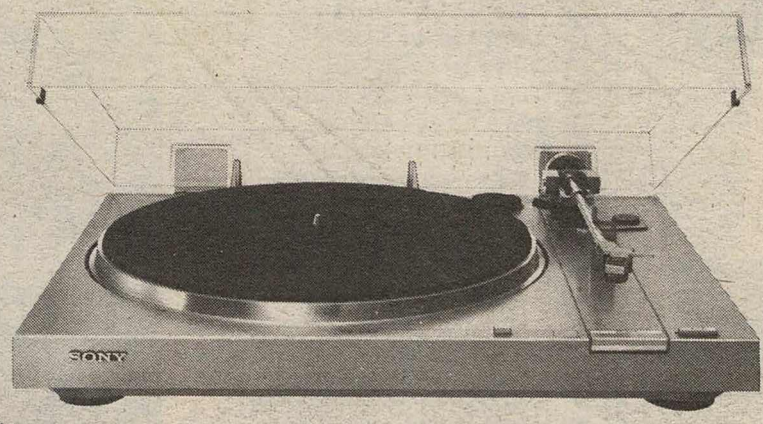

It sounds better when it isn't heavy metal.

PS LX2. Price around £80. Demonstrations from Sony showroom, 134 Regent Street, London W1. Further information: Sony UK Ltd., Pyrene House, Sunbury on Thames, Middx. TW16 7AT.

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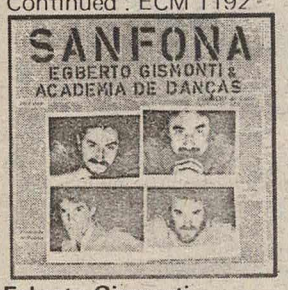

Egberto Gismonti. 'Sanfona' ECM 1203

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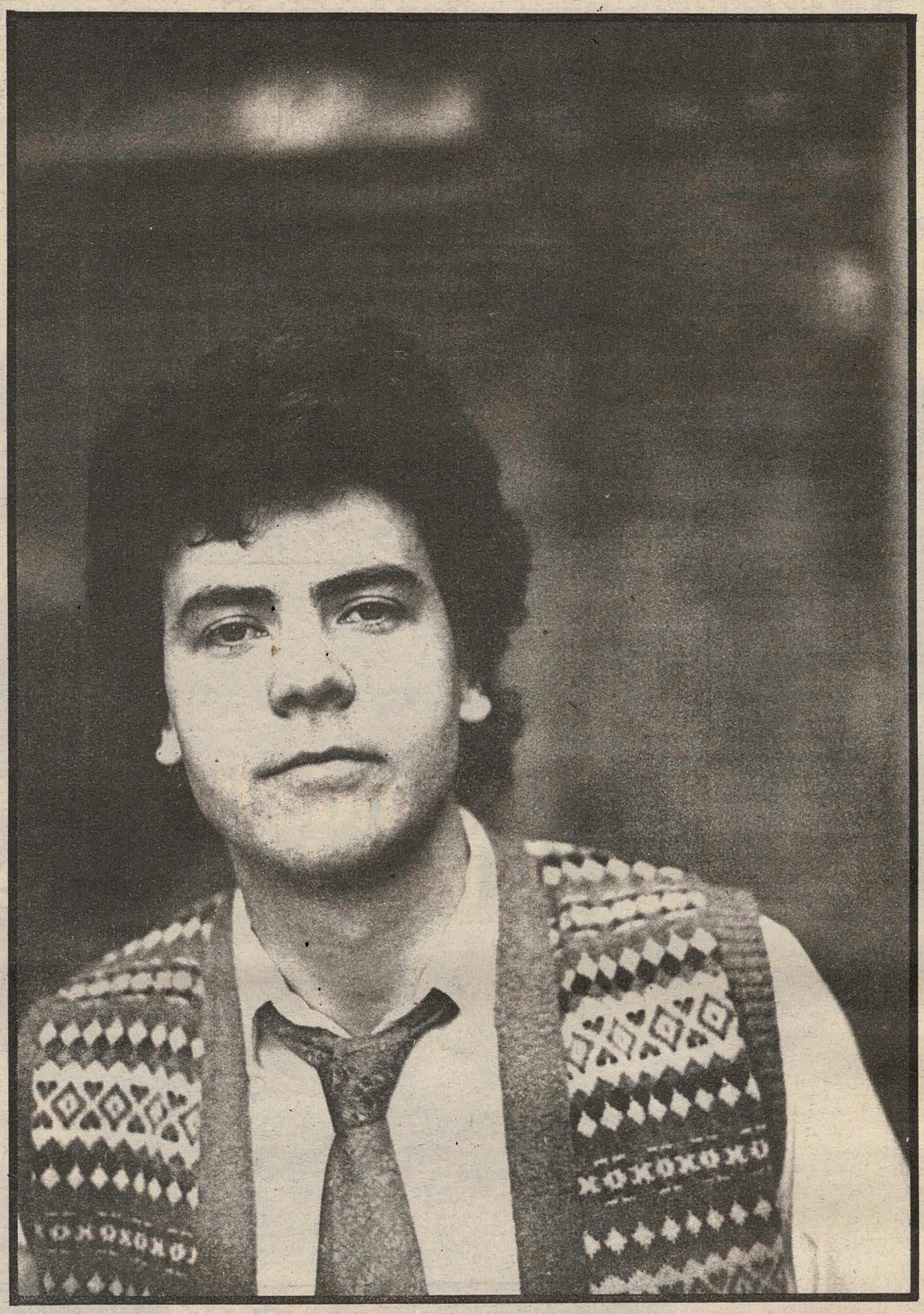


AT THIS CRUCIAL moment in pop history, when everyone seems to be telling you that the ultimate cream of pop-soul is The Human League's slight and squeamish 'Don't You Want Me' or ABC's stuffy, pretentious 'Tears Are Not Enough', there's something you should know about.

It's called the Arcadian Research Authority. It's run from a bedroom in Manchester. In late August of last year it produced a flawless masterpiece entitled 'Accelerate With The Mercurian!'.

"Get this record on the streets!" shouted the wise Max Bell. "It's a feast of sweetback, a selection of soul, a baffling, thrilling whirlwind of undiluted melody, ripe enough to satisfy the most tarnished palate."

It never made it to the streets.

This stunning re-evaluation of white synthetics and black harmonics, this grand soul symphony for besotted adults, still sits in piles in the bedroom of 355 Wilbraham Road, Whalley Range, Mancester 16 . . . and it's still waiting for your call.

But who are you writing to? What *is* the Arcadian Research Authority? Sounds a bit kinky? Reveal thyself, peerless soul chieftain of the northern cabaret circuit, finger-popping magician of the keyboard, survivor of Mecca ballrooms, heavy metal, acid, and John Cooper Clarke . . . STEVE HOPKINS! Yes, this true star of a wizard, responsible for the most ethereal white soul LP since Todd Rundgren's seminal covers of Smokey Robinson, Curtis Mayfield and William Hart, is none other than Martin Hannett's old partner in crime in the Invisible Girls.

The Arcadian Research Authority — somewhere between a group and a record label — is what this long-serving Mancunian muso, one of the most able and imaginative keyboard players in the country, has finally found the time and money to put together. To fashion his *own* dreams. Hopkins' musical odyssey — the story of how he got here — requires another feature altogether; it's long, diverse in the extreme and hilarious.

"Is it cool to admit you're an ex-hippy?" he inquires of me shyly.

THAT'S JUST the start. There was a group called Chase, who "wore large white flares and platforms, sprayed lacquer and Gold Spot, and wanted only one thing: to win the Eurovision Song Contest."

There were powerhouse trios. And there were several years of doing, quite literally, nothing.

But along came Hannett. Hopkins was rescued from oblivion. Together, the two of them arranged, produced, and performed records by John Cooper Clarke, Jilted John, and Pauline Murray, and called the "sometime combination" Invisible Girls. They kicked off the whole Manchester scene.

Hopkins has faint recollections of playing on the first Durutti Column EP. Masterpieces emerged, like JCC's 'Beasley Street', or that fantastic marriage of 'Piece Of My Heart' with 'In Every Dream Home A Heartache' called 'Valley Of The Lost Women'. And Hopkins became A FIGURE.

Trouble was, he wearied of being a backroom boy. It was too easy to stay snug in that scene, prisoner of studios and mixing decks. Hopkins had something more personal to say.

"I always wanted to break out of the session syndrome . . . all my life I wanted to do something of my own, there's just never been the money or the opportunity. I tried out some solo demos, but despite, er, assiduous attempts to learn the art of singing, I could never do it. And then it took a long time to find the right sort of people for a working unit."

Eventually, the "right sort of people" began to appear.

One was Dr Finbar Myron — "a kind of spiritual mentor who helped me with the lyrics in the sense of being the only person I know who thinks on a similar wavelength to me about the human scenario."

Another was Jane Martin, who used to "sit at home at night and sing along to records until a friend of mine in the flat above told me she had a great voice. Thus in her spare time she found herself thrust into the heady world of recording . . ."

Yet another was the LP's lead male singer Richard Darbyshire, "a recently retired English student who plays guitar and sings amazingly well and also writes his own songs." Darbyshire's vocal heroes include Marvin Gaye, Robert Palmer, and the Ze Records "team".

Finally, the "backroom boys" at the Research Authority are Steve Gilbert (drums), Des Tong (bass), Lynn Oakley (guitar) and Tim Witham (sax); all "local musicians".

"When we get to playing live eventually, some of them may be involved though it's unlikely it will be exactly the same personnel. At present I am gradually working towards a permanent assemblage of 'compatibles'."

NOTHING COULD be more compatible than the "assemblage" on 'Accelerate With The Mercurian!' But the most immediately striking thing about the album is that it was recorded in an eight-track studio.

"Working in that studio I decided the best thing was to go for a kind of Spectoresque, semi-orchestrated thing, with a lot of instruments doubling each other. Like, I would play a keyboard part four times and so on, so you can't hear any particular instruments like you obviously could in a 24-track studio. I thought it would be just to pack in as much sound as possible."

Ironically, Hopkins has just put out a remixed, 24-track version of the LP's opening track, 'Shot Down In Flames', as a single. No need to worry, however, he may have cleaned it up, but he's built it into something superb, losing none of the song's urgency and spatial dynamics. One of the best sounds of '81.

The album and the single are just the beginning of Hopkins' resurgence. The important thing, he says, is the Arcadian Research Authority itself.

"We'd like to get various projects under way, and the ARA acts as a kind of umbrella for a pool of musicians who will all be swapping around and playing on each others' records. For instance, I want to do some straight keyboard stuff, like, say, jazz-funk instrumentals, of which there's a bit of evidence on 'Accelerate!'

"Under the banner of ARA, I hope there'll be as much diversity as possible, and eventually we'd like to take it on the road as a revue, like the Stiff roadshow. The big problem remains that of financing the thing. A lot of people wrote after Max Bell's review, but so far we've only sold about 500 copies. There's no promotion, because I'm such a lousy businessman."

But new projects are already under way. With Richard Darbyshire, Steve is putting out a 12-inch called 'Up Power Up (The Ballad Of Kevin Volga)' — under the name of Zu Zu Shark Sentinels! — and solo material from Richard and Jane will follow shortly.

So what "authority" really lies behind Steve Hopkins' line of research?

"I think I'm an 'impressionist' musician, that is, I will imagine a given scenario, with all its cinematic colouring, emotional tone, atmosphere and so on, and then try to produce music and lyrics which give some idea of that atmosphere.

"My current ambition is to take the electronic, synthesized sound begun by Kraftwerk, and put some soul back into it. At the moment most electronic bands seem to stick rigidly to their own 'machine man' philosophies.

"What I mean is: imagine Marvin Gaye meets Kraftwerk!"

This is the new soul warfare.

THE SOUL WAR'S HERE TO STAY — BUT WITH STEVE HOPKINS AND HIS ARCADIAN RESEARCH AUTHORITY IN THE FOREFRONT, THAT'S FINE WITH BARNEY HOSKYNS PIC DAVID CORIO

UBU!

Small American journalists and stout American singers . . . we confront the issue most music papers shy away from. In the shadows of the city of Meatloaf, the alternative gargantuan minstrel stalks and stumbles . . . the humble bumble bobble-hatted Ubu's cubic David Thomas

By RICHARD GRABEL Photos: JOE STEVENS

DAVID THOMAS IS a very private man.

Walking down Broadway among the glittery flashing lights, he seems like a visitor from another world, alien and removed. The wool-cap pulled down on his head seems to isolate him from the hubbub surrounding him. His face is set hard in concentration, as if preparing his mental resources to do battle with a world full of adversity. His weight is like a physical expression of a great weight that rests on his mind. He fidgets when he's nervous, and bites his nails.

He is, as someone who watches him for just a few minutes astutely observes, "a very sober guy."

But David Thomas is also a very public man. The character Thomas brings to the stage reflects some hard-won truths about himself. It is one man's private world abstracted just enough to be communicative as a public persona.

The point is realism. And the artifice it takes to get there.

"When you get a hunting licence you can go out and blow the brains out of animals," Thomas tells us. "But there's something called a poetic licence. When you get a poetic licence you get to go out and blow the brains out of the truth."

DAVID THOMAS and Meatloaf are the two Fat Men of American rock, and they are at opposite poles.

Meatloaf and the rest of the "normal" rock and roll actors are part of a music that, as Morley said in his piece, has grown fat and neurotic. Thomas and Pere Ubu practice a music that is hungry and making its best effort to be healthy, or truly crazy. It's a music that is constantly testing itself.

Thomas' acting is full of irony, self-reflection, a conscious effort to transform and overcome doubt and fear. Instead of a smokescreen, acting for Thomas is a device to tell us about himself, and ourselves.

This is Pere Ubu's Winter tour of America, and they're playing the Mudd Club for the first time. The place is packed, not an inch of space anywhere. All eyes are on the stage.

He's no Oliver Hardy, but Thomas onstage is very funny, as well as inspiring. He looks so incongruous, this enormous man in dark suit and tie. From his suit and haircut one could imagine him as a door-to-door Bible salesman, which is fitting, since Thomas is in fact a Jehovah's Witness. But from his behaviour this would have to be one very demented Bible salesman. And when he really gets going, and gets into his herky-jerky dance and frenzied exclamations, he is witnessing in that Gospel, old-time religion, get-down sense of the word.

"Okay, okay, I messed up that story," Thomas says halfway through the set. "I'm sorry. I messed it up, and you were tolerant, and I'm appreciative. See ya later."

Six years of staring down club audiences has given Thomas an uncanny ability to provoke a dialogue with his hearers, to make them join in and complete what he is doing.

He jokes, cajoles, tells stories pretending to forget the endings, badgers and pesters the crowd until they have to talk back to him. And they do. They finish his lines for him, tell him how they feel.

"Get happy!" someone yells when David looks sad and lost.

"Get happy? I thought that's what I was doing."

"Tell us the truth."

"Oh no. I told the truth last night in Newark and they didn't like it."

And then . . .

"This is a sad story," Thomas tells us, "and the reason it's sad is . . . because it's true."

Joy and despondency are forever pushing each other around in a circle in Thomas' emotional cauldron. Part of him celebrates religious ecstasy, singing praises of *"the small things that give pleasure"*. Another part of him is a profound pessimist, perpetually moaning about failure and loss.

Everything provokes contradictory responses: a ridiculously joyful song on 'Sound Of The Sand' concludes *"I was so happy to see you I fell into the basement"*. Like his emotional world, Thomas himself is a contradiction. Watching him makes some people nervous. How can he make a spectacle of himself like that?

But it makes even more people laugh, and it moves quite a few to see him pushing so hard against the same gravity that binds us all.

IN A MIDTOWN Manhattan hotel, David Thomas sprawls over a narrow bed in a narrow room. In the next bed, Mayo Thompson sits upright. I direct my questions at David, but once in a while Mayo interjects with a word or phrase David is looking for.

I've just asked David about this ability of his to talk to an audience and how he came to develop it.

"Is it so odd?" Thomas asks back. "If you came out to my house, and you had to pay to get in, you wouldn't just sit there and stare at me, and I wouldn't just sit there and stare at you. So why don't most performers do that? Maybe they don't feel comfortable, maybe. . .

"It never seemed very smart to just stand there not saying anything to people who've paid money to see you. There's enough passive entertainment around. Unless you talk to them naturally, what happens is that you're on stage, and you're the great sensitive artiste, and everybody's watching you. I'm not explaining this very well. . ."

Mayo says one word. "Realism."

At this, Thomas' face lights up and he bursts into a volley of exclamation.

"Realism! It's not real! Yeah yeah yeah! That's it, that's it! It's not real! 'Cause if you had someone in your living room you'd talk to them. Bands have these personas and images they sell. And because the selling of the band is connected with creating the persona, this idea of being able to talk naturally to people is impossible. You can't be natural if the persona you're trying to create is not you.

"The persona I present is not necessarily me, it's an exaggeration for the purpose of the stage. But it's very natural for me to do it. The other stuff is hard to do. And it leads to seeing yourself as some sort of great gift to mankind. Which is a dangerous attitude to have. But a popular attitude."

Your ability to project your personality and make it work increases each time I see you play.

"You learn things about it. You have to learn to be natural. Now, we're using words in a way that's not really satisfying. But the stage is an abnormal situation. What you want to do is get that abnormal situation to seem like it's normal. You have to break down the negative effects of the separation between you and the audience. Not the separation itself, the separation between audience and band is vital. Many people try to destroy that and it's really hurtful. But you have to make that separation an easy thing.

"You have to break down this idea of a personality cult, these worshipping sort of things, and make everybody feel at ease. To me that's the challenge every night. My body is my instrument, but the audience is also my instrument."

Are you aware of the way the size of your body might affect the reaction you get?

"I'm aware of that everytime I tell people what I do for a living. Sure. People say, what do you do? and I tell them and they say, humhum. That's something I can't do anything about. They're either going to get it by me just doing what I normally do, or they won't."

THE WORKING relationship of Pere Ubu is a difficult one. Thomas, synthesiser player Allen Ravenstine and bassist Tony Maimone live in Cleveland, but Mayo Thompson lives in London, where he works with Red Crayola, and Anton Fier lives in New York, where he works with The Lounge Lizards and whatever else comes up. This tour is important because it gives them a chance to rehearse new material before recording it, something they haven't done since 'Dub Housing', their second album.

Pere Ubu have survived six years on the club circuit, several personnel changes and the constant spectre of massive indifference in their homeland. They've managed to stick it out, and release four worthwhile studio albums, a live album and a collection of singles. They could not have done this without a strong sense of their identity and worth. Yet, all the members seem to share a sense that the band could and should be doing better: each one I asked named 'Dub Housing' as their favorite Pere Ubu album.

"Most people would," Thomas says. "Our problem is that we never wanted to repeat 'Dub Housing'. That desire to never repeat became as much of a trap as trying to repeat formulas the way some bands do.

"The weaknesses of the band have always been in its structure and in that we don't want it very badly, it being success. Like when we take photos we don't want to take photos badly enough to take good ones. It's just not worth it to us.

"We've practised this next album (to be recorded in early January) more than we've practised anything since 'Modern Dance'. We'll give it a shot. You know, the critics have loved us for years, but so what? What we've got now is due to being loved by the critics, I'm just talking about beyond that. We're a likeable band. But what are we doing to do? We've never had good experiences opening for people.

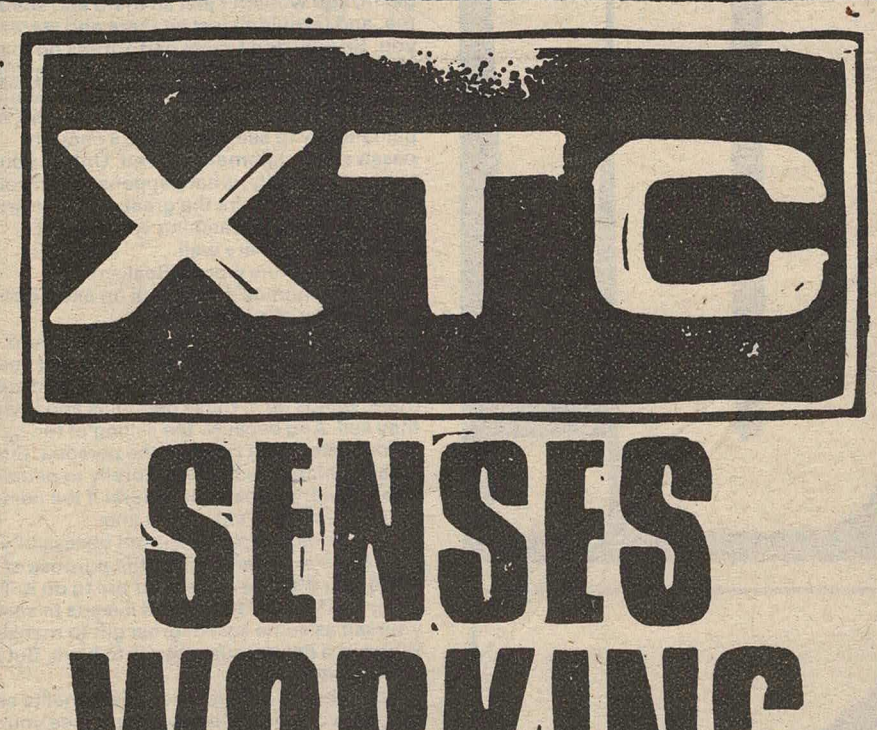
"People always thought we were much darker than we actually were. To a certain extent we were darker in the earlier period of the band, but at the same time people didn't see a lot of the humour. Then when we said we have to make sure they see the humour, then that's all they saw. Now I think it's starting to swing back and level out."

Thomas recently released an album of his own, 'The Sound Of The Sand'. The major part of the music is provided by a group that includes Anton Fier, Richard Thompson (of Richard and Linda Thompson), Philip Moxham (ex-Young Marble Giants) and Eddie 'Tan-Tan' Thorton, horn player with Boney M. The result is very much a product of Thomas' sensibility — determinedly eccentric, sometimes

Continues over

XTC

SENSES WORKING OVERTIME



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From over page

alienating but more often warm and wonderfully strange.

What was the impetus for doing 'Sound Of The Sand'?

"It was pretty typical of everything I've ever done, and that was. . . ha ha ha. . . not planned out. . . ha ha ha. . . sorta just happened, thrown together at the last minute. I wanted to do something that was mine, where I made the decisions. Geoff Travis (of Rough Trade) asked me who I wanted to use as a guitar player, and I said, ideally, Richard Thompson.

"I gave him a tape of some Ubu stuff, and I went around to his house, and Linda is running around with her hair up in a handkerchief and they're apologising for the fact that the living room is a mess or something. His daughter's favourite band is Adam And The Ants and there's her stuff all over, and he says, I don't know what you want me to do but if you want me to do it I'd like to do it.

"When he found out that I just wanted him to play whatever he wanted to, his eyes sort of opened: you mean I don't have to play charts or anything? And I said, No, Richard, just go.

"We knew Tony Fier was coming over to London, so from there it was a breeze. Geoff thought Philip Moxham would be a good person to help me write songs and that worked out."

Were the songs things you'd been saving up?

"No. I don't have any backlog of songs ever. It was all written on the spot. I don't save songs. I only write when I have to write. You need the idea that you're going to get paid for it and there's a reason for doing it."

BACK HOME IN Cleveland, Thomas lives with his English wife in an apartment in an area he describes as "transitional". When not writing or recording, he divides his time between work on Pere Ubu business and correspondence, and work for the Jehovah's Witnesses.

Thomas takes the pop press and the things it says about him very seriously. But as I said, he is a private man, and the subject of being a Witness is one he won't discuss for public consumption.

"It's not relevant to the band and I don't want to discuss it in the rock and roll press. If I tried to explain what I believed in, it wouldn't come out right. Not because of you but because it's difficult to do. I used to write more specifically religious songs, but I don't do that anymore."

Do your songs reflect a moral stance?

"No. I don't know what that question means. I wouldn't write something I would be ashamed of. My songs aren't moralistic, are they?"

Not at all. But they may reflect some underlying belief.

Mayo: "You mean could you interpret his lyrics and find a coherent set of beliefs?"

David: "No you couldn't, 'cause my lyrics are much more detailed. . . No, not detailed, they're just little. . ."

Mayo: "They represent a really flexible viewpoint. That's the charm and attraction of the persona they present. To me it's a world of real possibilities."

David: "Every song I write is about a very specific thing. But I write things in a way that says they can be flexible, and they don't have sole application to the specific thing I was writing about.

"The things I write about and the emotions I deal with, I would hope are pleasant, and not illusory, and are positive things. One of the big themes with me, you know, is walking, and falling down and getting back up again, and those are basically flexible things. Everybody falls down and everybody gets back up again. At least it's a good thing to get up again, whether everybody does it or not.

"I once admitted that I only have three themes. But most people don't even have three. Mostly it's just boy-girl, which I never found very interesting writing material. Cole Porter said it better, or one of those people. I used to have city, sort of driving around in cars, themes, then the car theme was replaced by the feet theme, which is a much better, less materialistic theme. The sea theme has always been there.

"Really, I can't talk about it. If I do reduce it that way it will determine how people will listen to it. I think the themes are straightforward, much more so than people were willing to admit. You say something simple and people look for the hidden meaning. So next time you make it even simpler and they still go, what's it mean? Maybe there isn't a hidden meaning, maybe it's just what it is.

"Anyway, very few people would argue with the idea that if you fall down you've got to get up again. I deal with a lot of homilies. But I prefer to keep my religion out of it. It's not relevant, other than the fact that whatever you are. . ."

Comes out in what you do.

"Yeah."

SO IT'S OFF into the midtown night for a meal. Thomas asks my opinions of various films named on the marquees we pass, but claims not to like film much.

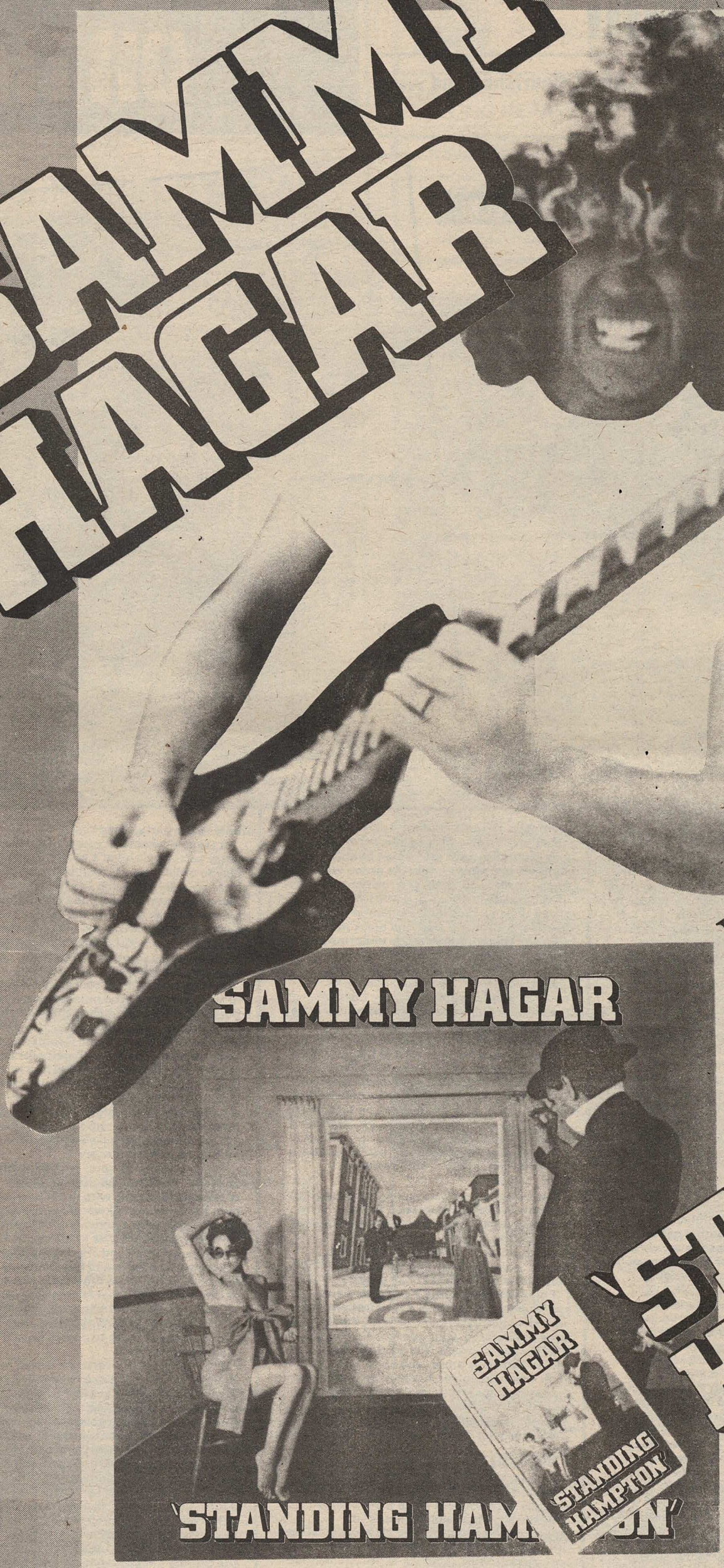
"They all start, then something happens, and they're over," he says. "I never understand what they're all about."

In life as in his art, there is an uneasiness about Thomas that tempers everything. He can sing *"the birds are saying what I want to say"* and make himself sound terrified at the idea. He squints at the world, sizing it up as it must size him up. He moves through the landscape balancing sources of happiness and contentment that are real to him with an inner turmoil.

Then he goes to some quiet corner and writes his tributes to birds, feet, and *"the small things"*. And smartly, rather than resolve the contradictions between that turmoil and those pleasures, he keeps them, like juggler's balls, spinning around him.

The Ubumen L-R: Allen Ravenstine, Tony Maimone, David Thomas, Anton Fier, Mayo Thompson.

SAMMY HAGAR



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The Rise And Fall Of Polish Rock And Roll

A portrait of how our decadent western music and youth culture grew, flourished and was crushed in a state where 'party' means joining up, not getting down.

ALL QUIET ON THE

By MAREK GARZTECKI

Marek Garztecki is a young Polish journalist and music fan who was in London to organise a Solidarity benefit concert when the military putsch came in Poland last month. To cross the border into his homeland would, he tells us, mean his instant arrest.

THE WOODEN BARRIER surrounding the stage finally broke under the pressure and suddenly several hands reached for the light equipment and banks of speakers. Sensing a riot on their hands, the police standing menacingly in the hall's entrance disappeared. That's just what the authorities needed, a full-blown riot. They were looking for an excuse to ban this damn festival, if not all rock events.

Meanwhile three thousand young lungs were still screaming for the band. "PERFECT! PERFECT!" But the band whose name was called showed no signs of playing.

Motivated by fear of being stampeded more than bravery I seized the microphone to deliver a calming sermon:

"The musicians don't feel like playing now because they are protesting against being constantly cheated!" I yelled above the noise. "Each one of them gets paid only 700 zloty (worth about 50p on the black market) for a concert, and that's less than most of you paid for a ticket. They were told this concert was going to be televised and now they've been told the filming has been cancelled.

"And though with four consecutive chart toppers they're the most popular group in Poland they still haven't been on TV. What's more the state record company continue to ignore them! Now if you want to demonstrate your support for the group join them in a five minute silent strike. *Then* they will play for you."

Surprisingly it worked — or maybe it was the group's clenched-fist salute. The three-day "Rockowisko" festival in Lodz went on and as it turned out it was also the last rock event in Poland. Two weeks later the country was under the grip of military junta and all the public meetings were banned.

Most readers will probably find it hard to believe, but for the best part of the last 20 years the Polish rock scene was considered to be the best on the Continent. To give but a few examples: in 1964 the Polanie group won the European rock competition held in Hamburg hands down, beating several name bands. Later on in the mid'60s many Polish groups became so popular that some of them had fan-clubs even in Great Britain, regularly advertising their activities in *NME*.

Right up to the point in December '81 when a life as an army conscript or as a forced factory hand became virtually the only career opportunity for Polish youth, rock music has always represented freedom for Poland's young.

IT ALL STARTED in the 1950s in the coastal town of Gdansk, home of all the truly revolutionary things in recent Polish history. Just as Presley's 'Heartbreak Hotel' toppled Lex Baxter's 'Poor People Of Paris' from the no 1 spot, angry Polish workers performed similar services to the old Stalinist regime, calling into power a then-liberal comrade Gomulka.

For the first time in more than a decade Poles were allowed to see and hear such examples of rotten capitalist culture as western movies or jazz. Legally, that is. Because even in the darkest times of Stalinist terror there were quite a number of brave souls who organised clandestine concerts and jam sessions, risking loss of job or even police interrogation for spreading un-socialist influences.

Jazz in Poland became associated with freedom of expression in a very broad sense, so when it finally came into the open with a big festival organised in Sopot, a resort suburb of Gdansk, in the summer of 1955, young musicians quickly discarded traditional, danceable styles. Within a period of four years they emulated four decades of jazz history, speeding up through dixieland, swing, modern and third stream and arriving at the very forefront of the European free jazz movement. This however alienated large segments of the public, leaving the centre stage for the next popular craze.

The Rhythm And Blues, Poland's first rock and roll band, also began its life in March 1956 in Gdansk, as the brainchild of local journalist Franciszek Walicki. Being the biggest port on the Baltic sea and a window to the outside world, Gdansk attracted a steady stream of foreign sailors and tourists, making it the most cosmopolitan of Polish cities. Also the flat coastal area made more audible Western radio stations like Voice of America, BBC and especially Radio Luxembourg, whose English language broadcasts had an enormous influence on our musical tastes.

Even if Rhythm And Blues itself was nothing more than a slightly modified dance band, its performances attracted huge crowds and soon Poland had youth riots of its very own. The authorites weren't slow in their reaction. An incredibly hostile press attack was mounted, town after town banned concerts and after a while the group was forced to disband. Rock and roll became a dirty word. By a stroke of genius Walicki saved the day. He simply re-named the group Czerwono-Czarni — Red And Black Men — after the colour of their stage uniforms and printed posters proclaiming their music as "big beat". This fooled authorities long enough for the group to consolidate its position and the audience knew the names of the soloists good enough to come even if they were to play "muzyka mocnego uderzenia".

It was one of Czerwono-Czarni's vocalists, named Michay Burano, who at the beginning of the '60s became the premier Polish rock star. Born as Vasil Michay in an unspecified location, he was rumoured to be a Romanian Gypsy prince, but I'd rather bet on his father's occupation being a horse-thief. He later went to sing abroad changing his name to Steve Lucca, then John Mikearlow, finally landing a lucrative line in jingles somewhere in Switzerland.

On his home turf Czerwono-Czarni soon got competition when Niebiesko-Czarni — Blue and Black Men — also from Gdansk — swept the top prize at the first national rock competition in 1962. With three-guitar, drums, organ and sax line-up they should be considered as the first Polish group proper.

Popular as they were, Niebiesko-Czarni represented only a tip of a rock iceberg. All over the country singers, groups, duos and trios proliferated. Guitars were home-made in astonishing numbers, old stripped-down radios served as amps, and soon almost every high school in Poland boasted at least one rock group. It seemed as if all the pent-up energy, all the frustrations of youth straight-jacketed into the orderly ranks of ZMS (Socialist Youth Union) were channelled into music.

The single most important push came when Niebiesko-Czarni launched their campaign "Polish Youth Sings Polish Songs". Although initially it meant little more than "Polish youth sings Mr. Walicki's songs" it encouraged everybody and his brother to try his hand at songwriting. It also served to defuse mounting criticism of the "poisonous English scream" from the musical establishment.

ONE SHOULD NEVER forget that the most important feature of the Marxist "Socialist" state is the concentration of power in the hands of a few party officials and government bureaucrats. Record company, radio and TV, management agencies — like almost anything in the country — are state-owned and responsible only to the party wishes.

It takes a minister's whim, or even a junior party secretary's lover's personal dislike to ban an artist for an indefinite period of time. Nobody will risk his job to offer him a gig or recording date. He becomes a non-person in a truly Orwellian sense. In the case of rock performers, who were expected by the audience to provide at least a temporary relief from the party scrutiny, it involved a constant tightrope-walking act.

Every now and then somebody was willing to take risks or maybe unintentionally crossed the line giving an audience chance to have a go. A particularly memorable riot was ignited after a jury of the National Competition of Youth Music — another disguise for the word "rock" — in 1964 awarded the first prize to a little known band Skaldowie from Krakow instead of the audience's favourites Nastolatki. Initial hostility toward Skaldowie, fuelled by the heavy radio exposure they'd got, obscured their considerable skills as musicians and composers.

Even more controversy was stirred by Czeslaw "Niemen" Wydrzycki, former soloist of Niebiesko-Czarni, who in 1965 formed his own backing band Akwarele — the Aquarells. A true rebel, with a penchant for flashy clothes and a fine sense of drama, he kneeled on stage, shouted and cried, generally outraging the critics and mesmerising the audience at the same time. Both sides weren't at that time aware that Niemen was an ardent student of black soul singers and his biggest hit 'Stranger In This World' bore more than a fleeting resemblance to James Brown's 'It's A Man's, Man's World'.

Then there were Czerwone Gitary — Red Guitars — probably the closest thing to Beatlemania Poland ever had. Formed in 1964 in Gdansk — where else! — they sported three talented young songwriters, Jerzy Kosel, Krzysztof Klenczon and Seweryn Krajewski. This enabled them to be the first Polish group to rely entirely on self-penned numbers. Their innocent little ditties like 'You're Afraid Of Mice' or 'Little Bear' became enormously popular all over the country, even if the radio rarely played them and the group's live appearances were at that time limited mostly to the coastal area. As a matter of fact the Guitars' first Warsaw concert took place in a coffee bar and it was advertised only by word of mouth.

Only when the late-spring sun made the weather more bearable could the whole young nation trek to Sopot, to hear their heroes live. Here, just a stone's throw from the coast, a permanent stage with a concrete dance-floor covered by a giant marquee was erected. This somewhat primitive surrogate dance-hall, known as Non-Stop, hosted all popular Polish groups like Niebiesko-Czarni,

EASTERN FRONT

Warsaw punks — "more in common with their British counterparts than safety pins".
Left: members of Kryzys (Crisis) string up with solitary black market bass string. Right: Poland 1944 . . . and '84?
Punk pix: Mike Yardley

Akwarele, Polanie, and most of all Czerwone Gitary. I think it was the Guitars who pioneered a new, more spontaneous form of concert-dance, where the choice of activity was yours.

The whole trip to Sopot smacked of a great adventure. On the main Monte Cassino street you could get the ice cream from an Italian machine and eat a hamburger some five years before the rest of the country caught up with these Western inventions. You could also parade the newest "ciuchy" — fashionable clothes — in your possession, as well as your latest flame.

Memories of these warm nights, filled with music and joy, have stuck with me for good. Neither am I going to forget my first taste of juvenile delinquency after being charged with "wluczegostwo" — "tramping" — that carries in Poland a penalty up to three months. Still I consider myself to be lucky. In Soviet Union the same offence might have landed me a couple of years' work in Siberian camps.

The years 1965 to 1968 were the golden age of Polish rock in terms of popularity and social significance. Rock stars were mobbed and carrying a guitar case was a patented way to get a girl interested in you. Many musicians were the spearhead of the new fashion. Boys' hair grew longer while girls' skirts went shorter. When Scott McKenzie announced over the fading and squeaking Radio Luxembourg *"If you go to San Francisco be sure to wear a flower in your hair"* I borrowed my girl-friend's floral shirt, put on my mother's old fur, took off my shoes and thought that I was halfway there.

THE SUMMER OF '66 gave us the wonderful Stones riots. Two concerts in the 3,000-seat Party Congress Hall seemed to be just a token to tens of thousands of rock-starved fans.

Ever so responsive to the youth needs, the party had distributed most of the tickets among its trusted members, curious bureaucrats and war veterans. This was more than enough to send a few thousand real fans on a street rampage that was quickly quelled by extremely efficient riot police. Net result — no foreign rock bands for the next couple of years.

This couldn't prevent a rapid spread of "unsocialist" influences, mostly from Great Britain. Among the young people the *NME* became the most popular foreign paper. Sketches of the trade offers printed in the back pages served as models for home-made clothes. I also learned English by reading the *NME* and I certainly wasn't the only one in Poland to do so.

Various fan-clubs that sprang up all over the country at the time not only disseminated information about particular artists but also served as a focus for a broad spectrum of related activities. I'd like to think that The Egg Club, located in the Old Town market in Warsaw, was one of the most important amongst them, not only because I founded and directed it for a couple of years, but rather because a significant number of young musicians, rock writers and manager got their start there.

We started by earnestly debating the relative merits of various groups, then the focus shifted to the actual meaning of the songs and the social environment that produced them. Then it was a relatively short way from Dylan's 'The Times They Are A-Changin' ' through Jimi Hendrix, 'Sgt. Pepper' and Jefferson Airplane's 'White Rabbit' to Tim Leary's 'Psychedelic Prayers'. The first ounce of dope was smoked, a communal pad was rented.

Quite a few popular rock bands tried to change with the times, at least superficially, but only the 74th Band Of Poor, from another coastal town of Ustka, came to represent the real underground in Poland. Unfortunately their level of musicianship never matched the legend that surrounded the band, and when the Poor finally disbanded, their leader went to London — reportedly to play in that famous mecca of the avant-garde 'Borstsh and Cheers'.

The Poor were one of some twenty groups to play the All-National Festival of Rock Avant-Garde in Kalisz. We thought it would be the rallying cry for the new rock in Poland — it turned out to be its swan song. Rock is politics and nowhere is it more evident than in the "socialist" state. Come March 1968 and the student strikes, then the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August, and off went rock music.

Hippie clothes and the more relaxed life-style were viewed as a serious challenge to the prescribed red and grey of uniformist society. Police harassment and interrogations became the way of life. There were some unsuccessful attempts to link hippies to political dissidents and then the authorities resorted to the most effective tactic when young thugs called "garownicy" were given police assurance that nothing would happen to them as long as they picked only on long-hairs.

THE GIEREK REGIME that took power in December 1970, after another wave of shipyards workers' protests, slightly altered the tune. "Get rich quick" became the dominant, though not officially proclaimed, slogan. You could even become a millionaire, provided you had a good party placing and not much regard for the law, which was full of contradictions anyway. And after a day's slog the discotheque with its well stocked bar and planty of easy girls provided the best entertainment. Rock was officially pronounced dead.

Let me sing here the praise of the few rock artists that survived against the odds: Niemen, S.B.B. — standing originally for Silesian Blues Band; and Budka Suflera — prompter's Box. It took five more years before anybody challenged their position.

Exodus; Combi; Mech (Moss); Turbo; Krzak (Shrub) — all these groups owe their popularity to a series of concerts organised since 1976 by an enterprising journalist, Jacek Sylwin, under the banner "Music Of The Young Generation". When after years of hardship they almost made it to the top, it turned out that their time had already passed, as all represented varieties of symphonic-cum-heavy rock.

The sorrowful state of Polish rock, more evident after its years of glory, must have turned young musicians' attention toward jazz and funk. They were further encouraged by the success of Polish electric violinist Michael Urbaniak, who together with his singing wife Urszula Dudziak conquered the American scene with a highly original mixture of black funk and Polish folklore spiced with imaginative solo work. The Air Condition, led by an altoist Zbigniew Namyslowski, followed Urbaniak's footsteps. This particular group also featured an amazing young bass player, Krzysztof Scieranski, and keyboardman Adzik Sendecki. The latter was wise enough to flee the country a few months before the take-over. A couple of weeks later he was asked to join Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie.

Then there were three outstanding vocal groups: the all-male Vox, The Music Market, and best of all but with the most unlikely name, The Spiritual And Gospel Singers. It was however Music Market that boasted the talent of 19-year-old Anna Jurksztowicz — probably the best young female voice to come recently out of Poland.

IT WAS THE blatant consumerism encouraged by the Gierek regime that resulted in a quickly widening gap between the "equal" ordinary citizen and "more equal" red bourgeois. And this was exactly what Polish punks reacted against.

Though born seemingly more from imitating western fashion than indigenous social conditions, they had deeper links with their western counterparts than safety pins. The very first Polish punk band, Deardbeck, started its existence as early as 1977. By now you might expect that their place of origin was Gdansk and quite rightly so.

They were soon followed by the prophetically named (Kryzys (Crisis) and then by Tilt from Warsaw. Later on, after numerous line-up changes, the only survivors were Krysys, who looked like breaking into the big league.

Punk bands are a valid and vital part of Polish rock scene commanding a dedicated but rather cultish following. The most known among them is Kryzys led by Robert "Afa" Brylewski and the recently re-named Brygada Kryzys (Crisis Brigade). Their supremacy became contested only recently by Republika (The Republic) from the small town of Torun. The members of White Volcanos, formed from the ashes of the two arguably best new wave outfits Deadlock and Tilt, fled one by one from Poland and they must be hiding somewhere, probably in West Berlin now.

The centre stage in Polish rock belongs however, to Perfect, Maanam and Porter Band. Perfect — certainly the best and at the same time most popular rock band in Poland combines traces of Police's spacy sound, and a West Indian rhythmic feel with dual hard-driving lead guitars. Maanam is graced with an amazing girl singer Cora, but burdened with her hubby, a non-descript guitar player. Until recently the leader of the pack was Porter Band, fronted by an expatriate British singer John Porter. Unfortunately fame has got to him and he began to change his play-partners so rapidly that they hardly had any time left to actually perform.

A style very popular with Polish rock audiences is white Rhythm & Blues as personified by early Stones or the Blues Band now. Their Polish equivalents, names are Kasa Chorych (Health Office), Dzem (Jam) and Krzak (The Bush). The latest one is an off-shoot of the Siliesian Blues Band.

The other late-'70s heroes still going strong were Exodus, Combi, Turbo, Bank and Mech, all playing varieties of art-cum-heavy rock. The youngest breed was represented by Cytrus, Karton, Ogrod Wyobrazni (Garden of Imagination), Art Rock and rapidly gaining in popularity T.S.A. As all the previously mentioned groups, save for Porter, made a point of singing in Polish, it is the instrumental funk-jazz groups that are of the most interest to the Western audience.

POLISH ROCK AS a whole displays a lot less divisions and jealousies between groups' musicians and writers. Just before I left the country for what was meant to be a two week trip we were planning a rock co-operative to tackle all the problems described at the beginning.

All our hopes now seem to be dashed. One doesn't sing when the bullets fly.

Paul Du Noyer sees the King Captain lead his team to victory in America, and scraping a no-score draw back home. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

RAY DAVIES: GOING FOR AN AWAY WIN

"ROCK BANDS WILL come, and rock bands will go. But . . . ROCK AND ROLL WILL GO ON FOR EVER!"

The scene is the San Somewhere-or-other Stadium in sunny California. And Ray Davies, to borrow the title of The Kinks newest LP, is Giving The People What They Want. Like slogans they can go "Whoo!" to, or "Awl Raaght!", punching their fists in the air, shaking their regulation-issue long blond haircuts. And, most of all, like real, rockin' boogie music.

Times change, but as far as the American rock 'n' roll audience is concerned, values never do.

While the West Coast sun is setting over the stadium's surrounds — balmy hills of pine and white wooden bungalows, the LA evening lights twinkling 50 miles down the freeway — San Somewhere's tanned and chubby young are passing 'round the six-packs and revelling in another evening of their never-ending rock 'n' roll dream.

And, to me, it's just a little bit depressing to watch The Kinks — God, *The Kinks* of all people — fitting the bill, feeding those fantasies. Ray Davies, one of the quirkiest, cleverest, most intriguing songwriters that England's ever come up with . . . what's he doing up there, striking crass rock poses, bawling gormless cliches, playing leaden heavy rock and tossing off camp and casual extracts of old hits, sops to the crowd's nostalgia? Is this why the record's called 'Give The People What They Want'?

Ray Davies and The Kinks do very well for themselves in America these days — far better than they do in England. I followed them round California and watched them hailed in Hollywood's Palladium, like the stars set into the sidewalk outside, the famous Boulevard that somebody once wrote a sad and tender song about. Over there, and it really did seem a world away, The Kinks are heroes and bang up-to-date. Some kids even call them *noo wave* — what with those *skinny ties* and all . . .

Back in his homeland, Davies might best be described as a prophet with honour. But in the States, The Kinks can count on *profits* with their honour — which is undeniably more attractive. The funny thing was, speaking to him backstage after the Hollywood Palladium triumph, Davies was as unassured and un-complacent as ever: "Oh God, you always see us at the worst gigs, you *NME* people. Like tonight, or that poxy open-air place at San Whatsit. The best ones are when we're all pissed off and there's no one there. You should have come to see us in Dunstable."

'GIVE THE People What They Want', as it turns out, isn't really the resigned, cynical cop-out of a title I'd feared when watching The Kinks go through those crowd-pleasing rock 'n' roll motions. I brought back a copy of the album (it came out months ago in America; UK release is being held up for re-mixing and a different track-listing) and listening to its lyrics, that title-song takes a new twist of meaning. The rest of the record's no disgrace either — much better, I'd say, than 'Low Budget', the last studio album, and therefore the best thing The Kinks have done in about a decade.

I wouldn't cross the road, let alone the Atlantic, to watch another current Kinks show: live, they're surprisingly ordinary, a very pedestrian heavy rock act. And I've watched Ray do his cute Noel Coward bits, the teased 'Lola' intro, the boring "Whey-Oh" routine too many times down the years. What keeps me hanging on is admiration of Ray Davies' continuing gifts as a writer. The new songs are funny, sad and sharp.

'Give The People' is a pointed account of the savage demands of public taste, from the bloodstained Roman amphitheatres to prime-time TV. Davies, as ever, is the confused observer, clinging to some notion of everyday decency amid the bewilderment. Other pieces tell other tales, often like micro-novels in their own right. 'Art Lover' is maybe the most affecting: the delicately ambiguous lyric is classic. Elsewhere, you get the impression of a perceptive outsider, no longer so adept at peddling wry "social comment", but more attuned to the life of the emotions, a bruised optimist.

The Kinks — any orthodox rock act — mightn't be the ideal context for Ray Davies any more, although he claims an undying loyalty to the group. But he's still a valuable presence in whatever form, and I'm pleased when he tells me his notebooks are filling with ideas just now, as fast as they ever did.

THE NEXT time I meet Ray Davies is in a *very* un-Californian backstreet, in Finsbury Park, on a cold, dark mid-winter night. He's sitting in the back of a big, chauffeur-driven limousine, with a distinctly bloke-ist cloth cap on his head — a scenario rich in symbolic contradictions.

I climb in, and find myself next to Chrissie Hynde: almost entirely hidden by woolly hat and scarf and coat-collar, she's like something out of a porridge advert, well-wrapped against the chill North London air.

Ray Davies grins — and when that grin comes you shift sidewards in your seat to make room for it — and reflects that it's the first football match he's travelled to in such grand style.

The scene, a little while later, is the East Stand at Highbury. Ray's come — rather optimistically, in my view — to see if Arsenal can put Liverpool out of the League Cup. I've turned up in expectation of exactly the opposite outcome. He says there used to be a time when Kinks gigs were cancelled if they clashed with an Arsenal match. He's a life-long supporter, and points from his expensive stand-seat down tó the humble corner-terrace where he stood as a lad. Now, though, he hasn't been to a match in three years. And after tonight's game, he thinks it'll be three years before he goes again.

A traditionalist at heart, he's disappointed to see his team decked out (in the modern way) like athletic sandwich-board men, bearing a sponsor's name across their shirts. Ironically, it's a video company: Davies is keen to bring The Kinks into the video era as pioneers. He's scripted a complete film around the new songs, and hopes to have it out in video-disc form, no less, as well as on ye olde cassette.

The match, it must be said, is not a great one.

"What this game needs," Ray observes, "is a goal. Or a punch-up."

We never get the goals, but there's a sudden commotion on the terrace — swarms of heads converge on a single point, and most spectators forget about the field or play for a while. The entertainment is going out of football, he feels. It's probably more fun for those kids to riot.

"It's no wonder people are going mad in England — there's nothing to do. You go to a football match, and it's *boring* . . . Actually, half of this Arsenal team look like pansies to me."

Last year's street confrontations came uncomfortably close for Davies. The police called in at his Konk Studios, in Hornsey, while the group were recording, and told them to board the place up — there was trouble down the road.

Continues page 32

SINGLES

by PENNY REEL

ALTON EDWARDS: I Just Wanna (Spend Some Time With You) (Streetwave). Time disbursed in the company of Alton Edwards is little more than an invitation to dance, although certain romantic interest does prevail, as expressed in the vocal of mellifluous tenor and complemented by an insidiously inclined brass phrase. Mr Edwards is beset by paradox: *"I've known you for some time,"* he sings, *"yet I don't know you at all."* When the instrumental intervenes, a series of bass trills delight.

Orange Juice

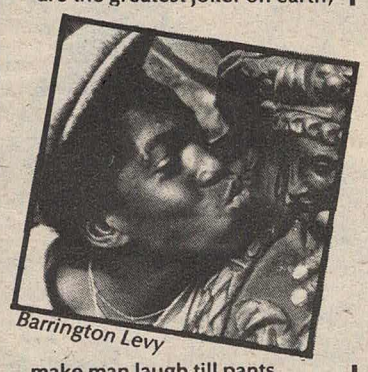
ONENESS OF JUJU: Every Way But Loose/Make A Change (Sutra). The aim on Oneness Of Juju — as stated by singer Plunky Nabinde — is to turn us on, to turn us every way but loose, and to this end employ a ponderous bass rhythm and much exclamations of chant, plus the occasional whistle by way of added insistence. A percussive break is followed by the return of the reeds, which sear in and soar as the beat resumes. On the flip Plunky is joined by Muzi for a slower paced reflection on a genealogical theme with a gospel tinge.

Misty

LETTA MBULU: Kilimanjaro (MJS). Strident chant that claims the spirit of music everywhere is every day bringing people together. Fulsome, nicely rounded sound with hypnotic quality and sweeping strings.

MISTY IN ROOTS: Jah Jah Bless Africa (People Unite). Taken from the group's 'Wise And Foolish' album, an unusual departure for the Southall rockers with only scant reference to reggae and sung in African dialect. Very catchy, however, and chart potential if given the necessary exposure.

E NEIL: C Bert (Super Star Possie). Well, you have this new joker they call C Bert, him are the greatest joker on earth,



Barrington Levy

make man laugh till pants brace burst, some people laugh till them roll in a dirt! E Neil cannot sing the praises of his hero too loudly, even when he's made the butt of C Bert's singular jests, like the time Mr Bert substitutes his soap for toothpaste, and Mr Neil washes his face with the stuff. A toast of great hilarity, utilising The Heptones' 'Get In The Groove' rhythm, also recently revisited by Barrington Levy on 'Shine Eye Gal'.

BARRINGTON LEVY: Twenty One Girls (Jah Guidance). Speaking of whom . . . Mr Levy here adapts The Cables' 'What Kind Of World' to make the point that considering there are so many girls in the world, it is unnecessary to *"fuss over woman"*, — advice that is already mooted elsewhere in an analogy concerning pebbles and beaches. Accompanied by a pair of friends he goes partying and exclaims: *"pick your choice, the whole o' them nice, seven fat girls to one slim brethren, twenty one girls salute."* Superbly sung, pounding reggae at its best.

"D" TRAIN: You're The One For Me (Prelude). Standard dance floor fodder from H Eaves and company, distinguished by some inventive vibraphone passages and throaty vocals. We can live for all eternity and never touch the ground!

ORANGE JUICE: Felicity (Polydor). Sparse production with a predominance of jangling guitars and vocal from James Kirk reminiscent of The Kinks. Its brevity is the recording's outstanding virtue.

HAWKWIND AS THE SONIC ASSASSINS: Over The Top (Flicknife). A tiresome heavy metal rap with SF overtones, very painful on the ear. Recorded live at Barnstaple on Christmas Eve, 1977, a more depressing way of celebrating the Messiah's birth I can scarcely imagine. Towards the end Robert Calvert is heard begging for white powder, no doubt the source of his genius.

PRECIOUS WILSON: I Need You (Everybody Needs Somebody To Love) (Epic). Former guest with the Boney M circus, Precious Wilson here adapts the old Solomon Burke number in the Hansa idiom, and an otherwise fine vocal performance is spoiled by its heavy handed reverberant production.

PETER RANKING & PAPA LUCKY: Easies & Squeezies (Roots Tradition). The phenomenon of toasting duos discussed in last week's *NME* with regard to Clint Eastwood and General Saint is pioneered on record a few years back courtesy of Papa Michigan and General Smiley at Studio One in Jamaica, and they remain the pastmasters of the style — witness their current 'Diseases' for Greensleeves. Peter Ranking and General Lucky are another pairing of some standing, and on this anti-litter campaign contrive to drag singer Phillip Fraser into the fray as well. To quote the opening exchange:

"Hail super duper Phillip Fraser, wha' the man a say, Rasta?"

"Well, the man say I man cool, you know, like the breeze that bloweth through the treesies, you know lah? Seen?"

"A true!"

"Just like the breeze that bloweth through the treesies, and blow off a lots of leavesies."

"And blow them off in my yardsies, that I man could not believesies."

"Me mother send me round the back for the broomsies, say Peter Lucky sweep up the yardsies . . ."

Hawkwind

OK JIVE: On Route (Frenzy). Pernicious travesty of something or the other, with a thin little sound and what must be described as a macho strut from Ms Cherry Datsun, who does not sing so much as whine.

DENROY MORGAN: Sweet Tender Love (Becket). Funk with a Jamaican accent, as sung by erst leader of Brooklyn reggae outfit The Black Eagles. Competent but not inspired.

DR JECKYLL & MR HYDE: Genius Rap (Profile). Danceworthy sure, but tedious, trivial and something of an affront as well. Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde make further incursions on the 'Genius Of Love' theme with some superficial self-advertisement that is at its most revelatory on the lyric: *"My picture's in Jet magazine, I'm on the cover of* TV Guide. *They voted me MC of the year . . ."* They voted Reagan president too.

LEE VAN CLIFF: Oh Lord Papa Lee Van (Afro Eagle). More in the way of self-advertisement. I suppose these people must need boost themselves to prove their existence. Mr Van Cliff also boasts rather than toasts of his exploits with Miriam, Joyce, Winsome, Sharon and Margaret; but with a suggestion of something deprecatory in his tone, he seems like a humble enough youth.

MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Pass The Brim (G Minor). On the crest of a huge success with 'Pass The Kouchie', The Mighty Diamonds now 'Pass The Brim' but *"no come in a the area."* The trio employ their delicate harmonies as effectively as ever on this tuneful song, and the result is pleasant if unastonishing.

MECHANICS: Love And Understanding (Bronze). White soul on the subject of an unhappy childhood, that cries out for affection and tolerance. The song is not bad, nor its execution without merit, but a shrieking guitar midway mars the overall effect.

SAMMY HAGAR: Piece Of My Heart (Geffen). I doubt very much if Sammy Hagar would have had the wit to include this Bert Berns and Jerry Ragavoy composition in his heavy metal repertoire had it remained the sole property of Irma Franklin, but since Janis Joplin indicated its possibilities in a rock mould, the tousle haired guitar hero feels quite safe with the song. Of course, he adapts the Big Brother version, and predictably turns in a ham fisted pillage.

THE SWINGING LAURELS: Peace Of Mind (Albion). Mannered mock funk of the Pigbag variety, but with vocals, which is even worse.

BLACK ROOTS: Chanting For Freedom (Nubian). Lilting strain featuring some tricksy keyboard touches and effective use of conga drums from this Bristol octet, in lieu of a melody line that borrows from Yabby You. A wistful production, as befits the song's subject.

DANSE MACABRE: Between The Lines (Reaction). Male quartet from New Zealand proffer a six track discomix of what they describe as "mutant funk", though pomp rock would, I feel, be a more accurate description. Substandard synthesiser tedium for the most part, though one track 'Conditioner' does rise above the general mire to make graceful posture.

CARL McDONALD: This Love Inside (Makdon).
CARL McDONALD: Star (Makdon). The Brooklyn beat is best described here on the song 'Star', which is an interesting enough saga detailing the ingenious ambition of a young woman singer and her stage debut. The sound is fleshed out with an ebullient saxophone, and Carl McDonald reads his script with assurance. Shame about the female backing vocalists, though. The alternative title is merely ordinary.

THE KGB: The KGB (A Minor). *"I keep watching for those who keep watching for me: it's a pleasant job for me, the living is good and I'm working for the KGB."*

CARLTON & HIS SHOES: Carlton's Mood For Love (Fashion). One of the great names in Jamaican music is Carlton Manning, who together with his pair of Shoes harmony vocalists has been responsible for a small but precious yield of music over the past 15 years: a legacy of maybe a dozen singles and one LP, with the result that a new Carlton And His Shoes waxing is something of an event. Sadly, this adaptation of 'I'm In The Mood For Love' cut here in England comes as something of a disappointment, with Mr Manning's vocal performance very nearly as jaded as the song itself, and even some deft touches in the production department fail to rescue it.

PHILIP CHEVRON: Songs From Bills Dance Hall (Mosa). Former Radiators (From Space) vocalist Chevron tackles five songs of Brecht and Weill genesis, which is an admirable endeavour. Regrettably, the deed and not the attempt fails him. Check out Jim Morrison's 'Whisky Bar' and Ella Fitzgerald's or Bobby Darin's 'Mack The Knife' for greater elucidation.

IPPU DO: Time Of The Season (Epic). Zombies oldie faithfully desecrated.

SPEED LIMIT & THE RHYTHM MACHINE: The Sound Of Music (Play). Rodgers and Hammerstein oldie faithfully desecrated.

THE SHATTERED DREAMS: Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained (Epigram). Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Illustration by Peter Vasquez, from the the sleeve of Black Roots' 'Chanting For Freedom'.

Grappling — American style.

WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA WRESTLERS

The California Dolls

Directed by Robert Aldrich
Starring Peter Falk, Vicky Frederick, Laurence Manden, Burt Young (CIC)

CALIFORNIA DOLLS **is a modern fairy tale, and that's a surprise considering it comes from the hand of the director who has made some of the bleakest post-war American films.**

Recent accusations of exploitation and mannerisms have done little to quash Robert Aldrich's essentially maverick nature, and despite occasional slips *(The Choir Boys* was a gross miscalculation), he remains an uncompromisingly vital force in the cinema.

Iris and Molly are a tag wrestling team working the pinhead circuit relentlessly hustled by their manager, Harry Fears (Peter Falk) in a no holds barred attempt at the big time. Operating from his various offices (street corner phone booths), Fears wheels and deals between gigs while the girls feast themselves on their earnings — usually just enough to buy a hamburger a piece and some cigarettes to share. The rest goes on petrol for the battered Chevy in which they tour while Fears sings along to the endless stream of Italian opera pumping out of the radio.

But word is spreading. A couple of newspaper articles is all Fears needs for ammunition to load his machine gun mouth and get them booked for the big one against their arch enemies, The Toledo Tigers.

continues over

Lady Chatterley's Lover

Directed by Just Jaeckin
Starring Sylvia Kristel, Nicholas Clay and Shane Briant (Rank)

SWAPPING any trace of sweat or primal lust for a perfumed, unblemished sensuality, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* makes a dull and formulaic film. Lawrence has done badly in the movies; this does nothing to better matters.

A difficult job anyway filming such an irascible work. Jaeckin's choice rested with either an investigation of female sexuality or a depiction of a classless passion in an England where the servant era was in its twilight phase and the landed gentry were consequently struggling to assert class distinction. In the end he simply muddles the two together and ends up with an incomprehensible love story spiced with gauzy contemplations of untroubled, pastoral couplings.

The weakness is founded in the sketchiness of the pairing of Mellors and Connie. The frustrated young ex-deb, torn between affection for her crippled husband (played with a calm, knowing cruelty by Shane Briant in the picture's one interesting performance) and womanly longings, glimpsed in a coyly lascivious masturbation episode designed to have audiences blowing their noses, falls inexplicably into a regular romance with her gamekeeper.

Unable to reconcile physicality with any other sort of love, the film renders meaningless the passion Connie discovers for her employee. Jaeckin's camera merely pores over a considerable amount of athletic humping between the two and finds no way of properly integrating it into the story. The inevitable result is skinflick attempting to be high art.

Casting Kristel as the errant m'lady was an amusing idea; finally, though, it adds to the

There were three in the bed and Ryan O'Neal said . . .

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aura of *Emmanuelle Meets The Gamekeeper*. She does her best, but a familiar 'here-we-go-again' look comes into her eyes as her clothes are about to fall off once more. Worse is Nicholas Clay's dismally wooden portrayal of Mellors. He seems embarrassed at having to say "fucking", poor chap.

His predicament is symptomatic of the half-hearted in tackling any of Lawrence's preoccupations. With male genitalia kept from view and the film only waking up to stare at Kristel's body, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is shallow and dishonest at every turn.

Richard Cook

So Fine

Directed by Andrew Bergman Starring Ryan O'Neal, Jack Warden, Mariangela Melato and Richard Kiel (Warner Bros)

NOT NEARLY as offensive as its promotion might suggest, *So Fine* is an unassuming, mild-mannered comedy that tries hard to be screwball. Jack Fine (Jack Warden) is struggling to keep his dress business Fine Fashions from going to the wall, but his hopes collapse when Big Eddie (Richard Kiel), a gigantic loan shark, demands repayment of what he's owed, with interest — a cool million and half dollars. Eddie's boys yank Jack's protesting, bookish college prof son Bobby (O'Neal) from his academic hideaway and father and son try to make a go of the business.

It's when Eddie's wife Lira gets the hots for Bobby that the gimmick hits — forced to flee discovery by The Hulk, Bobby arrives back at the factory in a pair of Lira's jeans, seat ripped and repaired with plastic from a garbage can. They are, of course, a sensation with the buyers; business booms, but then Eddie susses the lovers' match and we have a chase caper on our hands.

Bergman, who scripted as well as directed the picture, keeps it moving but the pace

continues over

Move over, Lady C . . .

Zorro The Gay Blade

Directed by Peter Medak Starring George Hamilton, Lauren Hutton, Brenda Vaccaro (20th Century)

SORRY, THE Fop Should Damn Well Be, **deserves not so much to be a cult film as to be cut up. Check into *Zorro,* paddle through the powder, the poncing, the blasted ninnying and nancying, and feel nothing except the mighty sensation of eating Steve Strange's hair.**

Apart from Steve Strange in surreal settings *Bay Glade The Winner Of The 4-15 At Kempton Park* makes me think of . . . cheap perfume, the sour milk of human kindness, great lumps of pink lard, purposeless Californian delicacies and sewer men's dungarees.

George Hamilton The Last burrows into the wooden parts of H. Wood's past, twisting up certain received knowledge and faith, with a sub-Brooks — and sub-human — opportunism. Brooks' films are a battle of symbols; Hamilton's are a buffoon's rattle — and appallingly hygienic.

Following his bloody Dracula dribble, Hamilton clowns about with the sickening options of the swashbuckling spirit, the charming heroism of the masked avenger, with the zeal of someone who would be scared on his honeymoon and the inventiveness of Chas and Dave's drummer. There may be a spring in George Hamilton's step but there are few thoughts in his head. *Rozzo The Diabolical Yag* isn't even a film of cheering nonsense or fizzy farce, it's just an approximate parody without, say, the regimental development of trivialities that makes a *Carry On* whatever it is.

Hamilton plays at twins. Diego the straight takes on his father's secret identity as Zorro, boning it for the underdogs. Wigglesworth the loosely limp is the long-lost twin assuming Zorro's courageous duties when Diego is injured, embroidering the brave feats with a fluffy flamboyance.

The (s)adventure trickles along the obvious way, the tickles and laughs seriously meant to be inspired by Zorro the hero being unimpressed by women but happy to sew sequins on his costumes. Romance, extravaganze, gay jokes and the happy ending are dropped into the film like spoonfuls of sour cream onto a dried up baked potato.

To be cruel, *Stop It The Shady Way* IS a dried up baked potato. To be kind, it's a lightweight trifle. Well, a custard tart: push it into George Hamilton's face. Now there's a runny thing.

Paul Morley

Swing if you're glad to be gay!

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SOFT STUFF

Blancmange — an electronic duo who're something unusual, a different kind of mould. Paul Tickell asks for seconds. Pix David Corio

BLANCMANGE may be kids' party stuff, but the band of that name are a rather different proposition. A two-piece who first came to prominence with their 'Sad Day' cut on the futurist 'Some Bizzare' compilation, they have already been consigned to the post-Joy Division pigeon-hole — or, you might say, dustbin.

They do have a doomy side, but they're not oppressive with it. Guitarist and vocalist Neil Arthur describes the songs as "quite sullen, but full of optimistic pessimism". Certainly a number like 'I've Seen The Word' is quite macabre — with its lyrics referring to laughter from churchyards and other fun things — but it still carries a lot of uplift, perhaps because the song was initially inspired by a piece of black gospel.

Blancmange draw on a large source of musical influences. Keyboards player Stephen Luscombe has the pedigree for that, having once played with Portsmouth Symphonia, before moving on to more experimental areas, free music and workshops with jazz improviser John Stevens. However, Luscombe grew tired of this scene and what he calls its tendency towards "quasi-rock". Hence his teaming up with Neil and the desire for something more pop orientated.

Blancmange are never conventional, though: not with Stephen's idiosyncratic Italian Armon organ (model Bunny 1) and a slide-show for live performances devised together with Chris Littler. The slides are abstract but sharp, not just there for vague atmospherics but visually to clarify a song: particularly effective are the neon-lit expanding graphics for 'I've Seen The Word'.

It comes as no surprise to find that Neil attended art college in Harrow, and now works as an assistant to a graphic designer. Stephen does a similar job, though both go in fear of losing their posts because they're always taking time off to take up plum support slots — like Grace Jones at Drury Lane, the Depeche Mode tour last November, and Japan's pre-Xmas nationwide trundle.

I've seen Blancmange twice recently: excellent one time, not so hot the other. The inconsistency is intriguing, as if they haven't fully reconciled their differing talents. This contradiction is apparent in the duo as people: Neil is a forthright but wary Northerner, while Stephen is mannered (especially on the subject of drum machines versus drummers) to the point of being camp and irritating. I bet they have their arguments offstage.

Still, both are united in the wish to — as Neil puts it — "extend their music from total simplicity to Phil Spector". Stephen phrases it another way: "Ideally, our first album should be like a sampler all by the same band".

There is a hint of this kind of variety on a demo tape produced by Martyn Ware of BEF/Heaven 17. Blancmange may have yet to capture the public imagination, but their cause has been taken up by people in influential places — like Daniel Miller of Mute and John Williams, producer of Peel's live sessions and now manager of the band. Record companies are starting to get very interested . . .

In the meantime, try to catch Blancmange's tape-augmented live act, which ranges from fast frustrated love songs like 'Living On The Ceiling' to 'God In My Kitchen', a piece of lyrical atheism. Neil explains this latter number: "If God does exist — and I don't believe He does, even though I was brought up to do so — then surely He's as much of a 'presence' in the kitchen as in church."

Later, Stephen asks me if I've been in a band. "No," I hesitantly reply. Quick as a flash, Neil comes back. "Neither have I."

Blancmange: Neil Arthur and Stephen Wiscombe.

C. Dolls

continues

Aldrich is taking risks with *The California Dolls*. The plot is thin and he utilises melodrama and hysteria almost to the point of exploitation. He succeeds in hitting high spots on the low life while integrating references to the butcher's slab mentality by literally putting women in a ring for rednecks to gawp at.

But the film is also about struggle in the face of adversity: how it may well be tough at the top but it's ten times tougher at the bottom; about unspoken love and loyalty between Fears and the two girls — although their relationship is flexible, he reacts like an outraged father when one of them pays physical payola to a crooked promoter in order to get a booking. It's about hustling for a chance and hustling even more when you get it.

There is a *Rocky*-ish feel to it, but Aldrich out-points the threatening sentimentality with a few kicks and punches. And wrestling is showbusiness — the reality in the ring is an illusion — there are no *Raging Bull* injuries here unless they're in a grudge match, natch, so we get a couple of these thrown in for real blood.

The California Dolls, like Falk who walks and talks it tough while in his breast beats a heart of molten gold, is a rough, tough cream puff.

Kent Walton will love it.

Neil Norman

So Fine

continues

never really crackles: O'Neal does a fair job in the Cary Grant role, a bewildered intellectual naif who succumbs to feminine wiles. But Melato as Lira is sultry when she ought to be dizzy and Kiel only has to lumber around. Disappointing too that the director has to fall back on a Hollywood staple like operatic sabotage (a convention that runs from *Night At The Opera* to *Foul Play*) for a finale.

So it's down to Jack Warden to carry the film, and he comes through like a champ, huffing and hustling out of disaster. Jowls starting from his collar, eyes screwed up at the klutz of a son he's determined to love, you can almost see his mind tick over as he hatches his next trick. Bergman also has the sense to stuff the cast-list with cameo nutters: Lois De Banzie's waitress ("This is a House of *Pancakes!*"), Mike Kellin's salesman and Fred Gwynne as the College chairman, a man who talks like a bowl of Brown Windsor (actually a neat gag by the casting team — Gwynne used to play Fred in *The Munsters*, which Kiel would surely have done had he been around then).

Oh, and the *So Fine* Girls and Dancers also get plenty of time to strut away in the cutaways. Don't you wish you had a pair too?

Richard Cook

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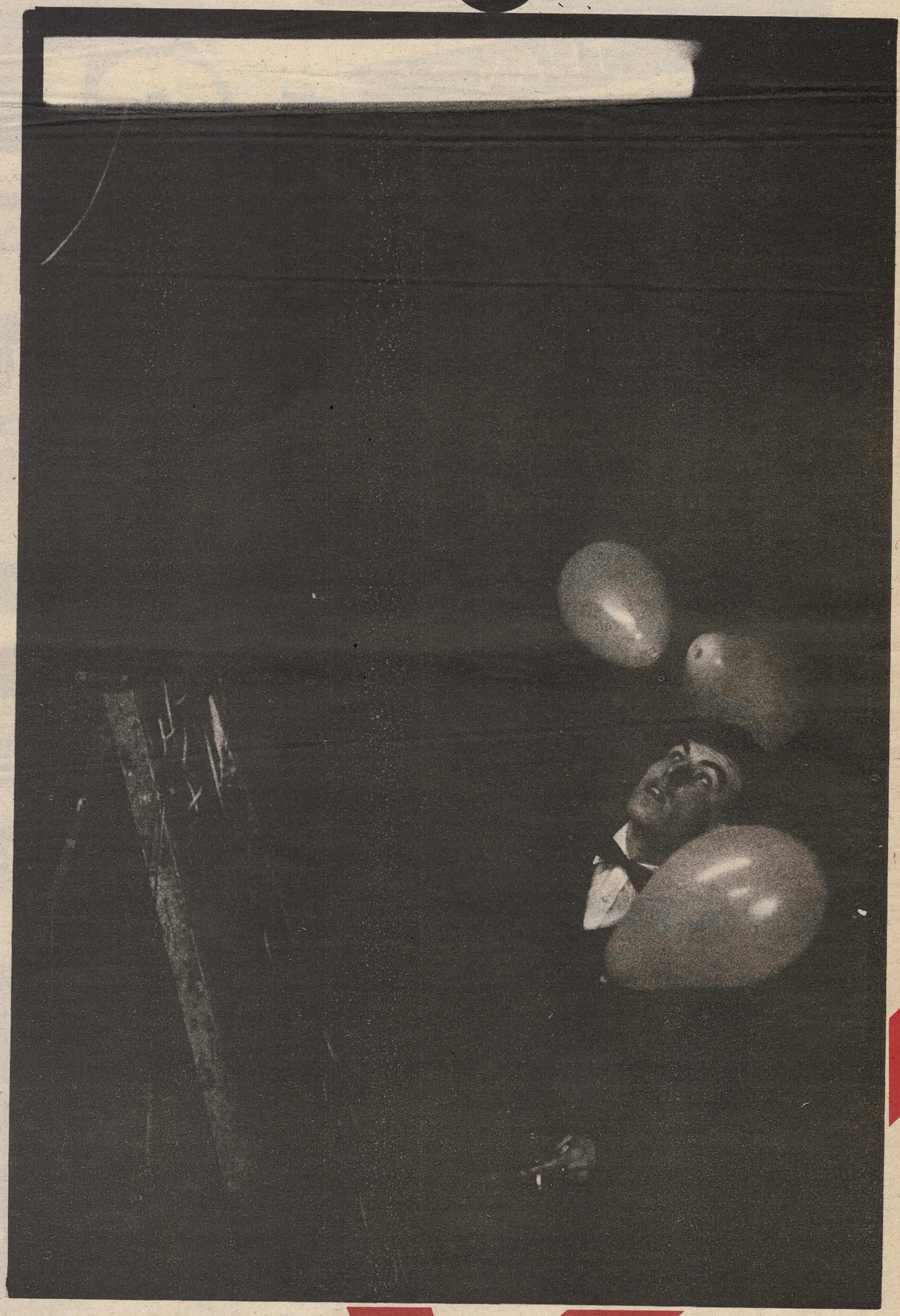
Chrysalis

vic the vague

A PIECE ON VIC GODARD BY PAUL MORLEY SAUCILY ENTITLED VIC THE VAGUE.

Paul says: "I wish to be referred to at the heading of this piece in the way that the *Sunday World* described George Bernard Shaw in 1891. That is . . . 'Fabian socialist, art and musical critic, vegetarian, ascetic, humourist, artist to his fingertips and man of the people right to the tip of his boots.' Perhaps you might care to add 'amorist' as well."

BALLOONS AND LADDERS: PENNIE SMITH



NO TRAPPED flies buzz around in Vic Godard's brain. Most of his life is just . . . background noise. For all he cares he may well exist for no purpose at all: his passing will be neither noted nor mourned, he is not concerned.

He has the appearance not of a randy, ambitious, cunning 24 year old but of a meek, sleepy, contented stranger whose chief worry would be a sneeze or an itch. Notice the sleep on him: it's hard to miss. Exactly!

"I found it difficult to wake up this morning. I didn't have a hangover. Well . . . I did feel a bit *funny*."

Vic Godard talks as if his words, the sounds and meanings of the words, are being forced to lift the depression of the world, or as if they must remove all by themselves the incidents, compulsions, solicitations, demands that form the world.

His conversation features some of the most uncanny emphasis — certain 'funny', key words are stretched out, their fibres torn, with a radiant relish, even a slow surprise. His conversation is a bewitching, dreary, slow-chew . . . phenomena.

"I didn't have anything to drink last night, but I did have a hangover this morning. I think it was the salmon I had."

Vic Godard is not the most obviously dazzling company: he is amusing, instructive, confounding in an absent, wandering way. He's trapped like a Buster Keaton. A master of small movements, like a Paul Valery. It was Valery himself who wrote: "Great events are perhaps only for small minds. For more attentive minds it is the unnoticed, continual events that count."

Talking to Vic Godard over the telephone must be . . . embarrassing, and — at least for some of us — it would probably call everything we have done into question. Talking to Vic Godard over the telephone would produce in you a humbling awareness of a great distance. Vic Godard is careful: the silences in his speech are no blessings. He believes, certainly, that any "decisive conduct will emanate from a self which I am not yet."

Vic Godard tells me that: "I think that it's interesting doing nothing and just seeing things that happen to you."

Vic Godard says that: "I don't really get angry much. I never lose my temper, ever."

What for him are the great qualities of being alive?

". . . Love . . . that's good . . ." Three dots on this page equals ten seconds in the life of a Vic Godard sentence.

"It's something new for me. It's a whole new . . . a completely different thing from what has gone before . . . it means you don't think about yourself. You don't get bored . . . or fearful."

His lover sits next to him all through our

talk: very closely. What are the favourite things he likes doing?

". . . Erm . . . making tea. That's the main one . . . And writing songs."

How does he make tea?

"Pour all the water from a great height . . . That's the secret."

Does he like it strong?

"Fairly strong . . . Not stewed . . ."

What is his favourite brand?

"PG Tips for tea and Marks and Spencers if it's bags."

Is drinking tea an inspiration for writing songs?

"When I'm writing songs I do drink more tea than normally."

TALKING TO Vic Godard over a tape recorder is something of a dilemma. He doesn't accept questions as gratefully or as sportingly as the interviewer must always hope. It's not that he's stubborn: more likely simply stunned.

Failure to penetrate Godard's discouraging blankness always causes me to panic . . . I trip and slip into a series of questions each more feeble and tragic than the last. The questions turn to dust on my tongue, turn away from sense, turn upside down on their little heads until I'm almost reduced to asking: "what is inner" or "who is would" or even "theatre, what are you . . ." Vic Godard makes me more self-conscious and uneasy about the common difficulties and absurdities of the interview procession than anyone I've talked to.

Such nothingness is burdensome.

I've interviewed Godard twice before. His one acknowledgement that we've met before is to say: "Still haven't shaved, hey?".

I tell him that he is the most infuriating entertainer I've ever interviewed.

"Sorry," he sort of exclaims, lacing the apology with disdain, affrontery, satisfaction. In some lonely ways Vic Godard can say more through two swollen words than other entertainers say in a pack of lies. In his replies lay, amongst other suffering things, the warning that a more generous answer would, you never know, actually be more discreet and deflecting.

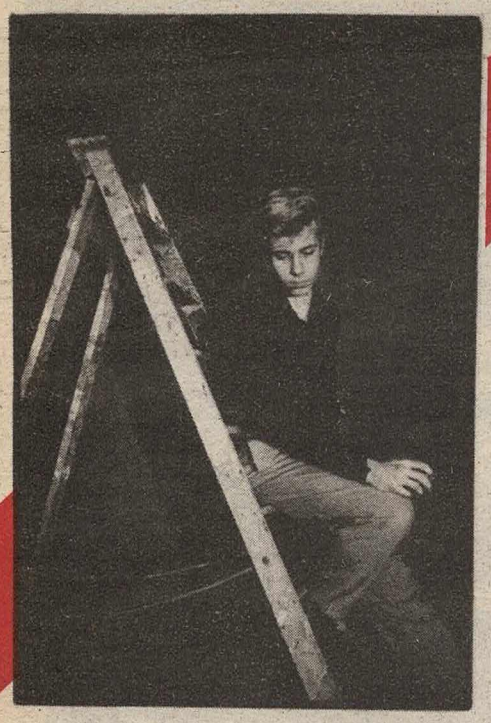
"Whatever situation that there is," he dares to try and explain, "I always see more than one side to it. I see the advantages of different sides so I can never go on one side. I always think that the other side is right as well."

So you don't say anything.

"Well, I do. But I'm vague about it. I'd rather ask the questions than be asked. I'd rather have your job than my job."

Anything that you'd prefer to this?

"I'd like to be . . . a city gent. Wearing a bowler hat and going to the office, buying a



carnation on the way to work . . . I think I could do it."

As with the previous times I've interviewed Vic Godard we talk in Camden Town. It's four years since we first met: the world's much the same, the word's certainly not. The longest answer he's ever given me during an interview was . . . this time.

I asked him what pleased him about previous Subway Sects.

"The first one I didn't like at all. I don't think that did anything. Maybe inspired lots of other groups to make a noise. That's about it. The second one was even worse . . . heavy rock . . . but it wasn't meant to be like that . . : it was an accident. It was meant to be, I suppose, sort of American. Television . . . It didn't come off. We had that . . . funk bass player.

"There was a group I had for two gigs. That was pretty good. It was northern soul sort of thing. I really enjoyed that. Used to do some good songs."

After this outrageous marathon there is no discernible sign of wear and tear . . . maybe some heavy breathing.

FOR MOST PEOPLE Vic Godard has not been running very hard these past few years. Still, for those with more suss than, say, pus on their face it has always been easy to anticipate that sooner or later Vic Godard would sell thousands of records. That or open the batting for Surrey.

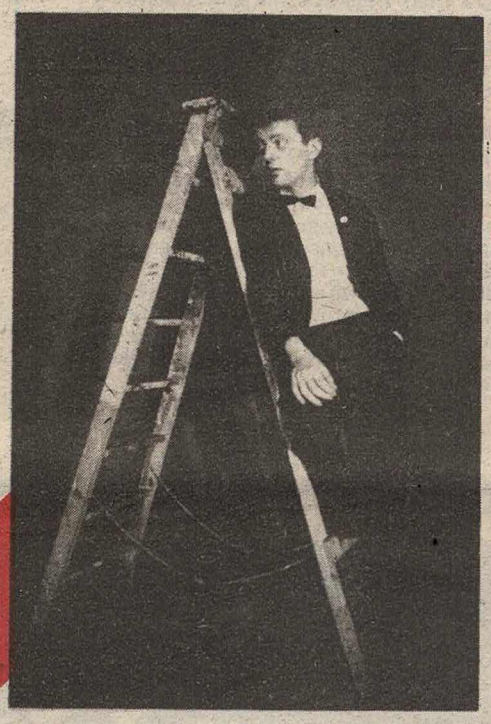
Vic Godard writes songs that are destined to cover us like a blanket — around and about and everywhere like Chas and Dave or *Hi De Hi*, only a desirable, unusual unification of entertainment and elevation, involving a wide audience in myth, touching them at their deepest emotional level, and showing them their common situation. As Nabakov said about his own work, Vic Godard delights sensually in Time, and his songs are constructed with intense, fragrant simplicity to delight the heart and stir the mind.

Vic Godard writes songs that measure good moments, chronicle good feelings, emerge from conspiracy and that celebrate a cool, classic language. The soothing, strengthening quality of his songs, the succulent economy and exciting completeness, has never been so clear and so untangled as now.

Presented as unruffled, inexpensive swing-jazz — big band ideas switched to pop group line up with scarcely a hiss — Godard's songs make up with startling articulacy for the reluctance and idleness of his everyday talk and achieve a fruitful accessibility. The songs dance their way undisturbed, a testament to Godard's mysterious commitment to his medium. If most rock songs are screams, scratches, splashes, scuffles, Vic Godard's are clear, unpolluted streams. No context can be their master: context can only rub away their impact, impair our view, fuss and fiddle and restrain.

Strolling through plain terms, pretending a history that cannot really exist, Vic Godard has recorded one single, 'Ambition'/'A Different Story', that was one of the greatest sideway hops in rock, and one LP, 'What's The Matter Boy', that was a sadly neglected series of agile, evasive skips and jumps.

No sweat: some of those friendly critics



could have got out the damp string and brown paper and wrapped up Godard as a new wavy Ray Davies, Randy Newman, John Sebastian or something — you know the rules, pass the parcels. It might have been that despite the support of Clash alpha particle Bernard Rhodes — let him do the breathing, the sweating — Vic Godard could have floated into the reference books as an erratic crank broken by the inevitability that in fact bothers him not one bit.

The right conditions, the great coincidence there has to be, voyaged in from wherever. The kind of coincidence that can even yet deliver Godard from evil anonymity . . . wouldn't he then have fun? Wouldn't we, chasing him around?

CHRIS, DAVE, Sean and Robert were Bristol boys playing with each other, off and on, over and out. Johnny Britton, a Rhodes ally, mentioned that a band was needed in London. The boys were off to seek their fortune. They met Vic. Godard, as always writing songs and demo-ing some of them with acoustic guitar, had used up handfuls of ill fitting session musicians under the name Subway Sect. He admits that Chris, Dave, Sean and Robert, the first genuine night and day and interview Subway Sect, revived his interest in performing. Men, method, mood, material . . . it all locked together.

The songs' simplicity and jauntiness, Godard's fondness for the relaxed, incisive honesty of great balladeers combined with the new Sect's clear love for pre-rock'n'roll musics — more Mike Westbrook than Joe Jackson — and this with an overall suspicion of rock's language, associations and conceits meant that Vic Godard and Subway Sect 1981 played a music that the careless and thoughtless could have coughed up on as a pointless nostalgic joke — ignoring the finesse of music and arrangements and dangerously underestimating the insight and fluidity of Godard's songs.

Vic Godard in some ways had found his home. He started 1981 hidden and finished it with more than a rough chance to move into the clear.

"His songs were inspirational for it all," explain the group. "We wanted to match them with a certain rootsiness, a simplicity, a very basic swing — an emphasis on that swing rhythm and very interesting melodies. No shouting."

They did a show at Heavy, supports at the Lyceum. As it became clearer what was happening, how Godard must be feeling, a good word to capture the music's feel amidst all those delicious but dubious popped pleasures was 'refreshing'.

"That was essentially it. It was totally refreshing. At first people were very sort of, what is this? They thought at first it was a joke. It has a funny effect on people who do like it. It makes them go completely relaxed, giving you a cricket crowd applause, or they just go insane. Loads of skinheads congaring around the room. Initially there's shock, open mouths, and then they get used to it. We are, you see, very accessible."

Tell me about the simple dangers of nostalgia.

"We are not trying to evoke any period: we

VIC & THE SUBWAY SECT

"I don't like . . . the audience that we have much. It's sort of . . . rock. My ideal audience would be middle aged. I think they'd like us more than the young people. They wouldn't be bothered about trends on anything. Older people are more concerned with just music. Perhaps we're not really good enough for them yet."

take the swing beat to be as modern as any. If you're nostalgic about a particular period you get stuck into it and you can't really develop. The music at the moment is at a very basic stage, we're producing a straight statement of what we're about, aware of the need to expand. If we thought too much about what the music is supposed to sound like then we'd regress. There's so much room for development within what we've got. We've drawn from the 1920s onwards, it's definitely a pre-rock'n'roll thing."

Is there a danger of blandness, or is that down to definition?

"It is just down to definiation. What we try to do, although it wasn't obvious on the single, is keep a rawness to it. You get that live and it's an asset. The rawness gives it more life. The LP will show this. It has a lots of songs, 15, most of them two, three minutes long and they're very tuneful. Brilliant melodies that Vic's written."

With these songs Godard is detailing and reflecting much the same precepts and sensations as always but in a way that can appear camp and frivolous — in fact his use of language, his acknowledgement of its ambiguities and limitations, has never been sharper: his organisation of images is considerably seductive and — despite the firm tradition they're eased within — completely fresh.

How do Subway Sect rate Vic Godard?

"Very highly as a songwriter. As a singer, he's going to improve, and he is improving all the time. He doesn't see himself as a singer, but there's no doubt he can sing. He's got a natural flair. He's totally unique."

Do they see much humour involved in his moves?

"He's definitely got a sense of humour. I don't think it's calculated in terms of playing jokes on people. He just does what he likes. His songs are very interesting and could be presented many different ways, they don't fit one style. His lyrics especially are very strong. They're his forte. Very simple but effective.

"*'Everyday is a diamond, so let it shine.'* That's brilliant. His lyrics are full of such gems. When he's on stage, if you're lucky, towards the end of a set, he'll move a leg. Or start clicking his fingers. He might even look at the audience. Lighting a cigarette can be the highlight of his performance. He lit a fag! He's just weird . . ."

IS VIC GODARD weird? Let's ask him.

"No."

How can you tell if someone is weird?

"Their eyes. By looking at their eyes. Don't look at my eyes!"

It's hard not to: they could never capture my heart but they rapidly and effortlessly capsize whatever confidence I have at the start of the interview. During the quite magnificent and very noisy pauses in his answers, his eyes orbit my own, obeying some terrorising orders from the back and beyond, challenging me to blink, blush and bust.

Subway Sect are very clear when they talk about the music: you're impressed by obvious sincerity and seriousness, and can detect that this is no flippant fascination. Vic Godard is not clear about anything at all: what's clearest is that not everything about music, the songs, is as it seems — look and listen more than once, and then again. Subway Sect are a practical protective casing for Vic's sensational vagueness, stepping in front of any stickiness, stopping any intolerance. They give straight answers.

The corny glossy-mag headline for a Godard article is lifted from Department S's wonder hit — but I'm afraid that 'Is Vic There?' could have been written about Godard as much as anything else. Ask him to his face 'Is Vic There?' and he'll struggle in the face of all possibilities for the answer.

Has he, along the way and often along my way, been consciously disguising the whys, whats and wheres of his . . . Vickly self?

He drags the reply from only he knows what depths. "What do you mean?"

You have always come across as being resoundingly vague.

"I am vague anyway," he confesses, the confession leaning towards an ancient excitement.

Does he keep secrets consciously?

"I don't think so."

Does he ever take the journey through long conversations to heady conclusion?

"Sometimes. But I'm vague about everything. Even at home. If me mam asks me if I want something for dinner it takes me in a roundabout way about ten minutes to tell her. She doesn't know what's going on."

Would you like to be less vague?

"I think so, yeah . . ."

Have you ever worked at it?

"I've always been vague. I never really work at trying to change myself. I don't think you should change what you're like."

Has this vagueness manifested itself in your past musical restlessness?

"It might have done up to now. I don't think I'm like that now. I'm sort of settled."

What attracts you about this present musical form?

"Well, I can't see anything beyond it. All the other ones were like a progression. When you're doing this sort of music there's nowhere you can progress to. You can do it in the songs but not the music. You can make the songs more sophisticated.

"You've taken on the guise of a straightforward entertainer yet attached to this is your perpetual vagueness, and the two things don't mix very well.

"Mmmm. That's true . . ."

Does that bother you?

"Not really. It should do. But it doesn't. Sorry."

What does bother you about any paradoxes in your career?

"I don't like . . . the audience that we have much. It's sort of . . . rock."

What would be your ideal?

"Middle aged. I think they'd like us more than the young people. They wouldn't be bothered about trends or anything. Older people are more concerned with just music. Perhaps we're not really good enough for them yet."

Are you playing jokes on people?

"No, not at all."

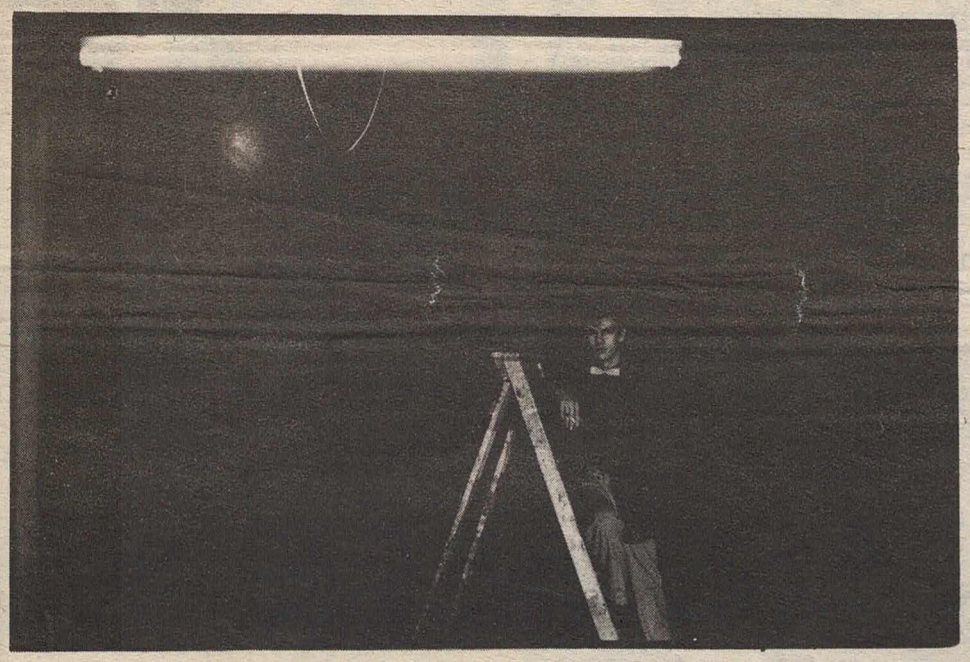
Can it be seen that you're playing jokes on people?

"Oh, it probably is seen as that. That bothers me a bit. That's why I don't like playing to young people so much . . . Ideally I'd like to do TV shows, take the shortest route through to people . . ."

Over

vic the vague

Continues



Are your thoughts as vague as your conversation?

"They're very mixed up . . ."

What would you like to be for the rest of your life?

"Comfortable."

What could rupture that?

"Nothing."

You have no large fears?

"No. I haven't got any small fears either."

Vagueness can be the victor. There's only one way such a conversation can go, and that's up there. We touch God.

"I do believe in God . . . It's just like a consciousness. I think there's something always with us. I think it pushes you into situations."

Do you tend to rely on that?

"Yes."

Oh.

"I don't think you should try and force yourself to be different to what's going to happen."

Could this account for your vagueness?

"Yeah, a lot of it."

Does your belief give you confidence?

"Yes. I don't worry about things much."

Are you a great Christian?

"Not really. That's maybe to come. A few years. I think that's what happens after you start to mellow. It's just what I think might happen. I could lose my faith. I'd become a . . . wild man."

As much as Godard's eyes could ever twinkle given the order of his universe, they twinkle now at the thought of himself as 'wildman'. A look of submerged delight works hard to haul away Godard's general haunted, hatched expression, but gives up quickly. On we push, pull, plump, plop — over the haze and round again.

"Hike playing tennis. I'm better at tennis than I am at golf."

VIC GODARD couldn't organise a brush of his hair. Let's say that 99% of his organisational capability seeps and saunters into his songs. Subway Sect, providing brilliantly appropriate show-casing for the songs and the mood, organised Club Left, originally a venue, now much more, established at London's Whisky A Go Go in Soho. It was a reaction, based in intimacy and availability, to the Lyceum shows they had done. All action sprang from there.

Skimming over the surface of the usual problems, it is a bright, uncomplicated effort at community and creativity, welcome also for shining the light on Godard. Club Left appears to be expanding in a more productive way than Cabaret Futura. Proper planning, perhaps, after the meeting, mateyness, speculating . . . bridging generation gaps by the way, studying new networks of independence along the way.

"The club night itself is a really good night out . . . It was made out in the press early on to be cliquey but it's nothing of the sort. The point is accessibility. There's nothing to do with a fleeting fashionability and that will not be forced upon us. People come back not because it's trendy but because they like it.

"It's not like any other club in London, all mirrors and velvet. It's a bit seedy, in the heart of strip club country, cockroaches in the toilet, it's just got a good atmosphere, and we try and arrange different things each week. Also it's very relaxing. The music isn't loud for a start. You're not in pain. You don't have to concentrate. You can be at the bar without being distracted completely. You don't have to watch intently. It's just not a normal gig, and neither is it when we take it on tour. It is also a way of bringing together loads of people. Something happens out of nothing. We've met printers, artists, singers . . ."

I talk with the group in the old rehearsal studios in Camden Town where The Clash scraped and scrapped in early years. It's been converted into an 8-track demo studio run by Club Left/Subway Sect.

"The Club Left network has become our lives. There's the club, the studio, there's a Club Left magazine coming out . . . It's brought forward loads of people, and we as a group can feature other singers apart from Vic.

"Lady Blue does a blues set with us, we had a French singer for a while, and then there's Tom Cat. He's 14 years old, doing some stuff with us. Well, he's probably 12. He lies. But he's fantastic. We found him down the club, he was there at the end one night, dancing like mad. He's a brilliant dancer, show anyone up, and we asked him to sing a couple of songs with us. We found out later that his big sister sneaked him out of a bedroom window because he was supposed to be in bed. We took him on tour with us and he went down a storm. All the screaming started."

Will the screaming ever start for Vic Godard? Can Vic the vague ever be all the rage?

WRAPPED IN gauze, gazing dolefully, Vic the singer is the phantom of Club Left. His songs are the soul. What makes him write songs?

"Melodies float into me head and I think of titles out of the blue, then I fix it all together."

Does he write songs to make himself happy, or other poeple.

"I don't really see it that way. I don't really have a reason for writing songs. I don't think so. I must have had originally. But as it went on I just kept writing. Original songs were to make people . . . unhappy. Because I was unhappy. I don't really want to make people happy. I just like writing songs that have something in them that nothing else has. That's all you can do really."

If other people didn't push you, would you still bother?

"I'd still write songs. I'd probably write more songs if they weren't performed because I'd have more time."

What does that achieve?

"It doesn't achieve anything. It's just like a hobby. I've written loads of songs that have never been performed. But you still get satisfaction from it. It would be a waste of time if none of them were ever performed . . . every song you write means that the next one for you is going to be better."

What does a great song do for you?

"Mmmm . . . a good feeling . . . Certain songs make you want to wake up in the morning."

Have you got a great urge for your songs to be listened to?

"Oh yes, I want lots of people to hear them."

Will this happen because of your vagueness?

"I'm not vague in the songs. I want the songs to be admired. Because some of them deserve to be. If you write songs and you listen to songs that you admire you obviously want people to admire yours. That's about it."

Have you made any resolutions?

"I was going to make one . . . there's nothing I want to change."

Nothing you want?

"I wouldn't mind a good job."

A city gent?

"Yes."

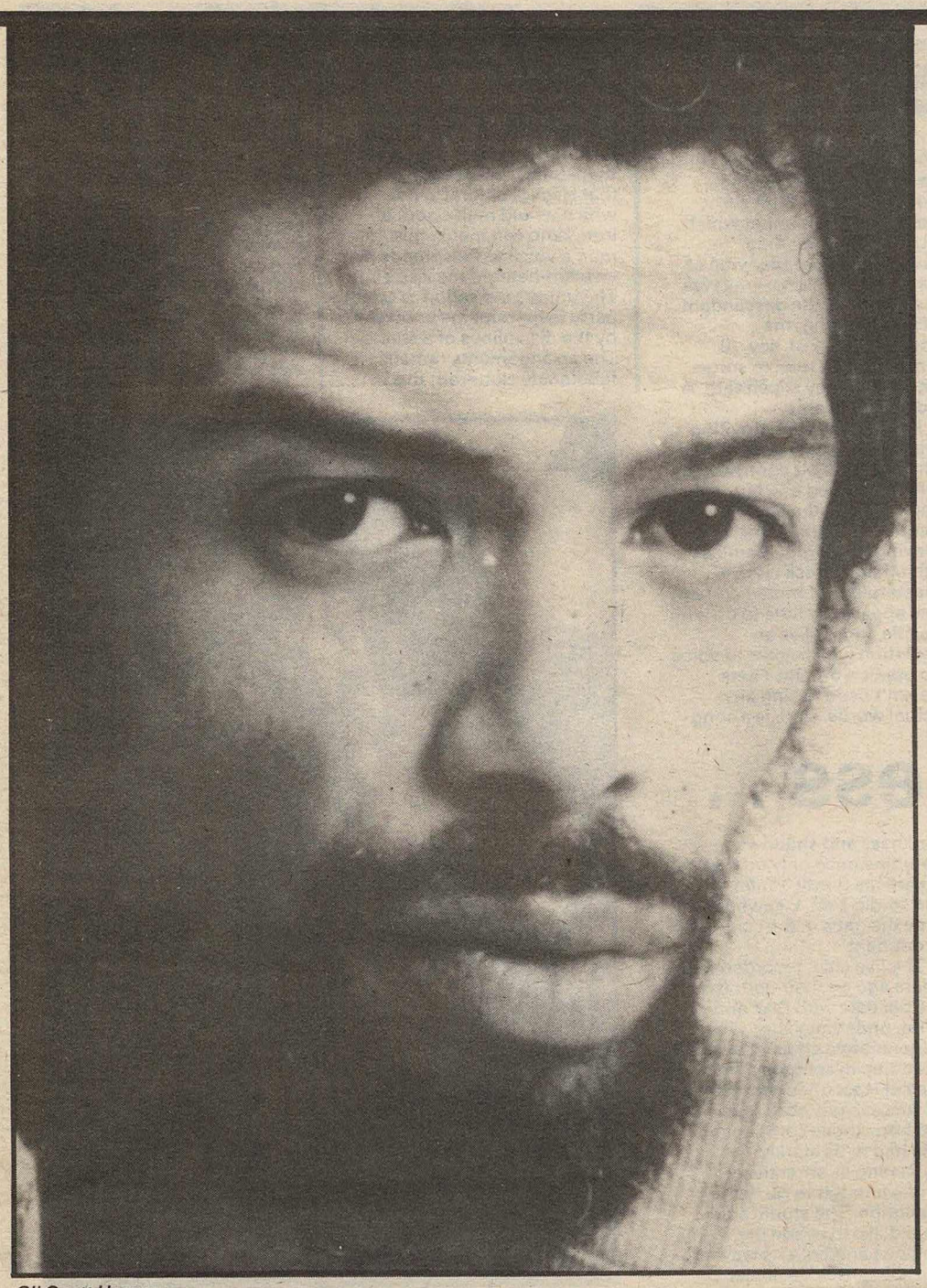
Sing the song, Vic.

Vic Godard isn't concerned with 'telling the truth', or sharing with us any great plans. He gets on with his work — more in a moment — just as if he was washing. I ask him, to finish for now, how he would feel if he *was* doing my job and he interviewed someone as vague as he is himself.

"Bloody annoyed . . ."

RADICAL SUNSHINE

LPs



Gil Scott Heron

GIL SCOTT-HERON

Reflections (Arista)

IF YOU think rapping began with Sugarhill, you've been missing out on Gil Scott-Heron, one of black music's most radical voices for the last decade.

Born in Chicago in 1950, Scott-Heron first made his mark with the written word, publishing novels and 'rap' poems, before turning to music in collaboration with his college friend, pianist Brian Jackson. The two recorded at first for the tiny Flying Dutchman label, and through Scott-Heron's reputation as a songwriter was quickly made via covers like Labelle's 'The Revolution Will not Be Televised' and Brother To Brother's 'The Bottle', it was several years, and a couple of labels, later before the pair won mainstream success with their protest disco hit, 'Johannesburg'.

Scott-Heron and Jackson produced a consistent stream of LPs throughout the '70s, typically fusing a range of black music forms — jazz, funk, disco — into a freewheeling backdrop to Scott-Heron's cool, barbed observations on racism, poverty and the dire state of civilisation. Best of all were his rap tracks, like 'The H2O Gate Blues' and 'We Beg Your Pardon, America', which trashed white American politics in brilliantly punning, declamatory, quick-fire verse.

Though 'Reflections' sticks to this tested formula, it resonates with a hard-edged soulfulness that makes it one of Scott-Heron's strongest LPs. Brian Jackson, apparently, has gone, though none of the musicians are named — a shame, since the band is right on and the bassist righter, pumping out a hip-twitching beat that buoys up even the three *heavy* cuts which comprise the LP's second side.

An edgy, angry version of Marvin Gaye's 'Inner City Blues' (much funkier than the *Scarman Report)* is followed by 'Gun', a despairing account of the violence endemic to urban America, and by 'B-Movie', the LP's rap highlight, a savage, sardonic, 10-minute foray against Ronnie Raygun's B-movie concept of politics: *"Civil rights, women's rights, gay rights/It's all wrong/Call in the cavalry . . . Godammit, first one wants freedom/Then the whole goddam world wants freedom . . . What we want/'s good old days when we gave 'em hell/When the buck stopped somewhere and you could still buy something with it/A time when movies was in black 'n' white and so was everything else."*

No quote can do justice to the anger and contempt in Scott-Heron's voice, a militant spirit that lends his verse its urgency and bite. But, as 'Reflections'' first side proves, he's also capable of great tenderness. 'Storm Music', his tribute to reggae, 'I that jazz', his celebration of jazz, and his cover of Bill Withers' 'Grandma's Hands' offset the oppression depicted on side two with their pride in black culture and tradition, affectionate testaments to a "precious heritage". This awareness of *community* is Scott-Heron's special strength, providing both a spiritual balance to his bitter denunciations of racism *and* the political context which can illuminate them. It is the core of his optimism and his radical vision.

'Morning Thoughts', which closes side one, tries to tie everything together, to make visible the connections between the personal and the political, this LP and black music history, individual struggle and a bleak world. A man lies awake in the early dawn, thinking of his lover, his family, his work, his hopes: *"Shine down then, sunshine, on Zimbabwe/Shine down on Nicuragua, Liberia/On Poland/Wherever men would dare stand up for a change/We were born at midnight, at the darkest time/But surely the first minute of a new day brings new strength."*

In the first days of a new year which finds us in desperate need of strength, 'Reflections' offers hope and humour and commitment. A record for riot *and* dance, I recommend it unreservedly. Gil Scott-Heron has never been more relevant than now.

Graham Lock

Unlimited company

THE ASSOCIATES

Fourth Drawer Down (Situation 2 German import)

THE ASSOCIATES work best in small doses, a single or two, and an LP's worth can be heavy going. Given their liking for oppressively weighty rhythms and a dense pudding of a sound it needs a big appetite.

'Fourth Drawer Down' is a German collation of some of their numerous A and B sides. Hardly a month seemed to go by last year without a new Associates 45 appearing: a hunger to display growth or a compulsive's diary of work? The best entry, maybe, was 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday'; here it's dressed in a bass-heavy mix that plunges the carillon instrumentation into a dungeon. The following 'The Associate' goes even deeper, a circular tune gradually overwhelmed by clouds of pain.

This might be construed as the nucleus of Associates music, with Billy Mackenzie's booming prophet vocals, the frugally rationed space and the grisly metallics of songs like 'A Girl Named Property' or 'Kitchen Person'. As that terrific onrush winds on, though, you wonder if there is humanity left here. Play 'Fourth Drawer Down' very loud and it assumes the dimensions and ambience of a breakers' yard in an abandoned metropolis.

No, wait, I like The Associates. There is more here. 'Q Quarters' calms down and discovers consternation in oriental chords. 'White Car In Germany' and its instrumental half-brother 'An Even Whiter Car' depict wanderings in an alien-nation which accurately evoke a spectator's fascinated forebodings. 'Message Oblique Speech', with its fractured jigsaw of rhythms and mutant electronic asides, musters a weird exultation.

There is really no let-up from first to last. The Associates delight in insistence in these songs. Lyrics are often scarcely decipherable; when they are it's fruitless trying to unravel the songs. The Associates brutalise form with a purpose, though. In trying to dismantle the accepted notions of organised playing and reconstructing with uncaring regard for accessibility — all these tracks are cluttered, confused and strewn with near-random noise — The Associates reassert their humanity in electric music.

At the centre of 'A Girl Named Property' Alan Rankine has his guitar repeat a chord that sounds like a baleful cry. The Associates must go on in this vein and achieve a greater clarity yet.

Richard Cook

The Associates

Pic: David Corio

BEGGAR & CO.

Monument (RCA)

EVEN though Beggar & Co won full marks for splitting with Light Of The World's controllers and manipulators to find their own way, the set up that spawned the original unit and many others of that genre (Level 42, Shakatak, Freeze etc) is, like a cancer, still gnawing away at them.

Jazz funk's frantic scramble to produce new bands, made for so many young players elevated to star status in a very small scene with no experience or grounding in either music, the music world or even the 'real' world and this album sadly shows up Beggar's lacking.

For the most part, the material is uninspiring, and the production is about the worst I've heard for a long time. So much is sacrificed in the striving to be clever rather than natural. It's a shame that they didn't opt more for the poppier stuff that shows up on two tracks sounding refreshing, well executed and uncluttered instead of drawing so heavily on a style that will get them nowhere.

Beggar & Co have a fair amount of talent, and a lot more energy, both of which will be better channeled when they finally remove the blinkers that the first couple of years has made them wear.

Lloyd Bradley

Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

Topper Levi *Pic: Robert Ellis*

PEERLESS . . .

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

Knock Out (Island)

'KNOCK OUT' may well be a fairly routine Toots album. But, sitting here typing with numb fingers on a draughty Wednesday morning with unfashionable old Toots sobbing, wailing, howling and growling behind me, I'm feeling better by the minute.

Hibbert was never able to make the great cross-over leap in Bob Marley fashion. The blend of mystique and accessibility was not right in Toots' case, lacking perhaps the instant, legendary persona of Marley which maybe gave him his initial appeal beyond hard reggae fans.

Though Toots seems to be one of the few reggae artists to avoid what L. K. Johnson once described to me as "the Rasta trap" — where the doctrines of the faith were delivered in a manner which obscured, rather than revealed the broader vibe of its preoccupations — he was always more the descendent of Otis Reading, the contemporary of, say, Al Green, than a man to surge into the Marley slipstream. A ridiculous shame.

Here though is an inviting album thankfully devoid of the phoney showbiz contrivances which wrecked one gig I saw some 18 months back. Toots has a much better chance playing it straight. 'Careless Ethiopians' (track one), a masterpiece of muted sorrow, has apparently little to do with my life and makes an assertion which I care to voice no opinion on. But Toots doesn't *need* to sing any actual words. Here is a song about regret, regret, REGRET. That's all you need to know and knowing it is no problem.

Every track has something to offer in this currency. The formula has not changed but, thankfully, comes across in that strong, natural style which would melt a soul of iron. Who can match this man's voice as he spreads his swollen-hearted message? The unique sensation of street party fever remains unburied by the disciplines of a studio. The arrangements remain fabulously cluttered; the songs, simple and melodic. The finish is just gorgeously moving.

I'm a fan, you realise, and in this case I'm making no demands (you know, progression and invention.) It's not important here. This is music to sear through your emotions any time you like, something to make you laugh and cry. Just sometimes, the old hat is the best: *"I was down in the valley for a very long time/but I never get weary yet,"* sings Toots. What else would you like me to say?

Dave Hill

Roots Toots *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Topless . . .

THE FOUR TOPS

Tonight (Casablanca)

EVEN before the 'She Used To Be My Girl' intro has played out, the years are slipping away. By the time the whole album's finished you're back in a Prince of Wales check suit and 'Oxford' Ben Sherman: first big peoples' club, first proper moves, first lager and lime, first pull (keeping very quiet in case her Dad came down), first-hand experience of Old Bill . . .

Time warp time as the Tops get back in tune, and the greying temples and beer bellies of the *TOTP* vid are the only realities of those post-Motown meanderings.

There'll never be another 'Walk Away Rene' or 'Still Waters' (first concert too!) but this set is very very close. More than a pure nostalgia trip though, it's past masters of soul/pop recapturing the days when style meant more than just dressing up, and combining it with the positive aspects of technology that has gone berserk.

Sure it's lush, even sloppy in places, but it's good strong slop and that the single went right up the charts in a time when wishy-washy rules is proof of the demand/need for the real thing.

All that will hold this set back is that dreadful reputation the Tops have built up in recent years, but a couple more sessions of this calibre will soon see that off.

Lloyd Bradley

Bottomless . .

ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Original Dialogue (Glass)

SO HOW COME we seem to have heard it all before? When English Subtitles released their first Small Wonder EP 'Time Tunnel' two years ago they admitted the obligatory Velvet Underground references, but they appeared capable of turning them into something distinctly their own.

Trouble is that too many others have taken the same raw material and made something of it sooner than the Subtitles.

The format is depressingly familiar: sonic boom bass melodies, skimpy tacking guitar and excessively expressionist vocal — all darkness and shadows — combine once only on the abstractly pretty 'Water' on the studio side. Elsewhere only the gaps in the sound are prominent.

The live side, recorded two years ago on their bottom of the bill date with DAF and Wire, underlines the degenerative effect of all that brooding in solitude. Then, they at least understood that to successfully strip music to the bone those component bits had to be starkly appealing or attractively brittle enough to carry the repetition. The studio side would like to evade the obvious and bore its way into the subconscious. It just bores.

Chris Bohn

The acceptable face of Capitol . . .

Let The Good Times Roll: Early Rock Classics 1952-1958; Teen Beat: Instrumental Rock 1957-1965; Ooh Poo Pah Doo: Early Sixties Soul 1960-1965; Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind: American Soul 1966-1972; In The Still Of The Night: The Doo Wop Groups 1951-1962; Only In America: East Coast Teen-Rock 1959-1968; 'Til My Dreamin' Comes True: West Coast Teen-Rock 1958-1964; Eddie Cochran And Gene Vincent: Their Finest Years 1958 and 1956; Let's Have A Party: The Rockabilly Influence 1950-1960; Summer Means Fun: Californian Surf Music 1962-1974; Good Vibrations: Sounds Of Top 40 Radio 1964-1967; On The Road Again: Rock's New Frontiers 1966-1970 (Capitol).

A DIVERSE dozen albums encompassing 21 years of popular American music and comprising a total 192 titles culled from the respective catalogues of Capitol and Liberty.

To summarise:

'Let The Good Times Roll" concentrates upon the foundations of rock'n'roll during the '50s and fittingly features mostly black acts. Contributions come from The Johnny Otis Show with Little Esther, who detail the exploits of 'Willie And The Hand Jive', a song later recorded by Cliff Richard and still a staple of his stage show; and Esquerita giving frenetic expression to 'Rockin' The Joint'. There are two apiece from Thurston Harris and the Sharps; Smiley Lewis, including his original of 'I Hear You Knocking'; Larry Williams with his amazing girlfriends 'Bony Maronie' and 'Short Fat Fannie'; and "the sweethearts of the blues" Shirley Goodman and Leonard Lee, who sing the oft resurrected title track and the even better 'I'm Gone' — the duo's debut outing in 1952. Fats Domino is accorded the lion's share of the set to drawl three of his most popular pieces: 'Ain't It A Shame', 'Blueberry Hill' and 'Blue Monday'. Blue eyed rock comes in the shape of Jerry Lee Lewis, Eddie Cochran and Merrill Moore, with one side each.

'Teen Beat' concerns itself with a variety of instrumental sides from the late '50s / early '60s, and is a lesser work, replete with shrill organs and twanging guitars. The better moments occur on the two Ventures sides 'Perfidia' and 'Walk Don't Run', The Phil Upchurch Combo's unregenerate 'You Can't Sit Down (Part Two)' and Lee Allen and his Band's 'Walkin' With Mr Lee'. Mention might also be made of Lonnie Mack's guitar rendition of Chuck Berry's 'Memphis', while I have personally always had a soft spot for Johnny and the Hurricanes' 'Red River Rock', tinny though it is. Efforts too from Sandy Nelson, The Piltdown Men, The Duals, Bill Justis, B Bumble and the Stingers, Jimmy McGriff and others.

'Ooh Poo Pah Doo' spotlights pop R/B from the early '60s and is my own favourite album in the series, with a generous selection of New Orleans sides from the period, and the majority of the tracks emerging in this country courtesy Tennis star Chris Blackwell's Sue imprint. Especially memorable are Barbara George's 'I Know' — the sax solo of which was later lifted noted for note by The Shirelles on 'Everybody Loves A Lover' — Ike and Tina Turner's Brook Benton / Dinah Washington derivative 'It's Gonna Work Out Fine', the Foxx's 'Mockingbird' singalonga, Garnet Mimms and the Enchanters' 'Cry Baby', Ernie K Doe's Les Dawson joke 'Mother In Law' and Aaron Neville's 'Over You', though I would have preferred the less well known 'Let's Live' from the latter artist. Further improvements might also have included the vocal cut of Jessie Hill's title track, Benny Spellman's original rather than The O'Jays' cover of 'Lipstick Traces (On a Cigarette)' and the non inclusion of Marv Johnson's nursery 'I Love The Way You Love'.

'Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind' attempts the chronicle of '60s soul, and proves the dearth of good material available via Capitol / Liberty of this particular field. The two Bobby Womack songs 'How I Miss You Baby' and 'That's The Way I Feel About Cha' are both worth a listen, as is Ike and Tina Turner's rendition of John Fogerty's 'Proud Mary', though I don't care too much for the Turner's two alternative offerings: John Lennon's 'Come Together' and Sylvester Stewart's 'I Want To Yake You Higher'. Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose make pleasant enough noise, particularly with 'Too Late To Turn Back now', but Lou Rawls never appealed overmuch. Excursions also from Little Anthony and the Imperials, Patti Austin, Patti Drew, Bettye Swann, Jimmy Holiday and others. Nor forgetting the only jazz number in the entire collection: Cannonball Adderley's 'Mercy, Mercy, Mercy'.

'In The Still Of The Night' introduces the vocal group style on a selection of superior sides. Three songs from the doo-wopping Five Keys, in particular 'The Glory Of Love'; the similarly inclined Mello-Kings on 'Tonite Tonite' and The Crescendoes rending 'Oh Julie'. Then we have The Falcons with 'You're So Fine', which is almost as good as the group's later incomparable 'I Found A Love', plus fine efforts from The Spiders, Lee Andrews and the Hearts, and The Five Stains, who croon the title track. More gimmicky renditions of the genre come by way of The Clovers, The Turbans, The Olympics, The Silhouettes with 'Get A Job', The Majors' falsetto 'A Wonderful Dream' and The Rivingtons, who took the style to its ultimate on 'Papa-Oom-Mow-Mow'. Last but not least is Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs delivering 'Stay', which remains the best one minute and 27 seconds of music of all time.

'Only In America' serenades teenage rock from New York and is pretty dire. Three songs from Jay and the Americans, including 'She Cried' and the title track, but not their best ever effort, 'This Is It'. Two from The Exciters, including 'Tell Him', a hit in this country for Billie Davis, plus further black acts Garnett Mimms, The Clovers, The Isley Brothers, Marv Johnson, and Italians The Royal Teens and The Elegants.

'Til My Dreamin' Comes True' represents the LA side of the same coin, and is even worse, though Dick and Dee Dee's 'The Mountain's High' is still one of the most implacable anti Gestapo statements ever made, and I also cherish The Crickets' 'Don't Ever Change' and Kathy Young and the Innocents' 'A Thousand Stars', which was desecrated for the UK Market by the pretentious Billy Fury. For the rest, well, Bobby Vee, The Four Preps, The Paris Sisters, The Lettermen, Kim Fowley's Hollywood Argyles, The Cascades and Johnny Burnette are all indications of how low pop music can sink, unchecked.

'Eddie Cochran And Gene Vincent' share a side apiece on this odd number in the series. Gene's recordings all date from 1956 and the LP features both 'Be-Bop-A-Lula' and 'Blue Jean Bop', plus the bass slapping 'Who Slapped John?' to some edgy conclusion. Mr Cochran's melodies include 'C'mon Everybody', 'Summertime Blues', 'Jeannie, Jeannie, Jeannie' and 'Teenage Heaven'. A fine coupling.

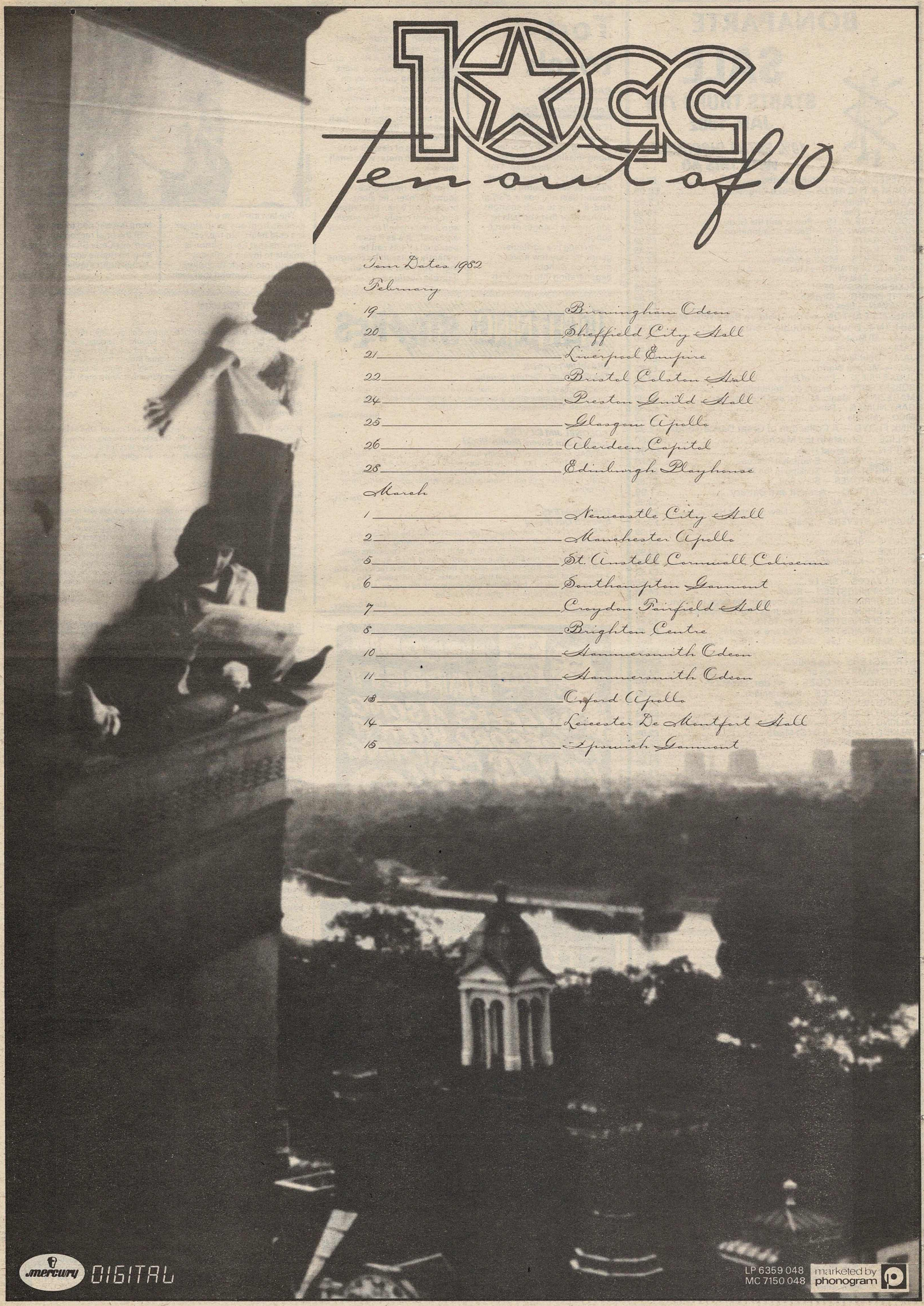
'Let's Have A Party' might be described as a rockabilly selection, with further Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran contributions, including the latter's 'Twenty Flight Rock' and 'Skinny Jim'. Also on the set is Dorsey Burnette, Bob Luman and rock'n'roll's best female vocalist Wanda Jackson who performs the belting title track in manner complementary to Elvis, and two further rockers 'Mean, Mean, Mean' and 'Honey Bop'.

'Summer Means Fun' means surf music from the sun drenched beaches of southern California, and concentrates mostly on the music of Jan and Dean and The Beach Boys, with efforts also from Sharon Marie, The Fantastic Baggys, Legendary Masked Surfers, The Survivors, The Honeys, and The Mar-Kets, not to be confused with The Mar-Keys. In other words, fun, fun, fun, two girls for every boy, surfin' down the Swanee River, and other pastimes characteristic of the muse. Not suitable for the British climate.

'Good Vibrations' features more from The Beach Boys, Jan and Dean, Jay and the Americans and Bobby Vee, plus Bob Lind's 'Elusive Butterfly', cher's 'Bang Bang', Glen Campbell's rendition of Ms St Marie's 'Universal Soldier', as well as titles from P J Proby, Classics IV, Jackie De Shannon and Johnny Rivers, such as is generally termed folk rock. It sounds more dated than doo-wop.

'On The Road Again' is the most curious of all the albums. It kicks off with three garage punk tunes, notably 'Dirty Water' from The Standells and Count Five's 'Psychotic Reaction', moves through the rock blues of Johnny Winter, Canned Heat and the Steve Miller Band, and then takes in the country rock sound of such as The Band's 'Up On Cripple Creek' and Stone Poneys' 'Different Drum'. The freshness of this music then and now compares sadly to its legacy in the shape of The Eagles *et al*, though indications of the rot are here too in the music of John Stewart and The Hour Glass. A nice version of Jerry Jeff Walker's 'Mr Bojangles' from The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, though.

Penny Reel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Tort torch

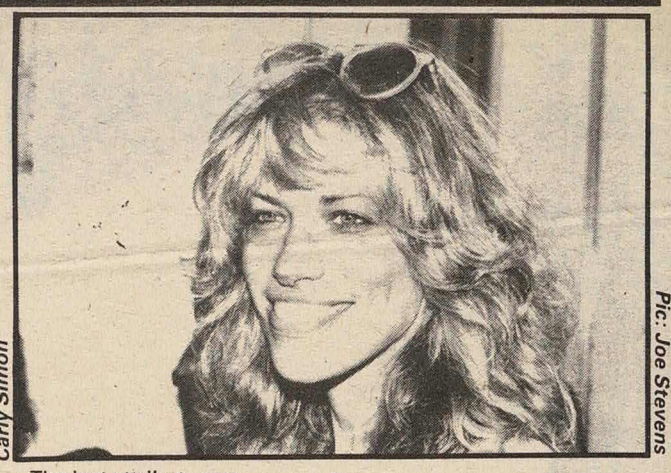
CARLY SIMON

Torch (Warner Bros)

IT'S DIFFICULT enough imagining Carly Simon shedding a solitary tear let along missing a night's sleep over any wayward man. The lady is far too resilient to ever allow herself to come off second best in a *coeur d'affair*. And, it's due to such strength of character that she fails to convince as a singer of torch songs.

Torching is a particular genre, so very few have mastered without degenerating into mawkish self-parody, with Billie Holiday's desolate 'Loverman', the bitter-sweet vengefulness of Julie London's 'Cry Me A River' and Peggy Lee's sleepless 'Black Coffee' being yardsticks on the subject of tainted love. But not once does Carly Simon remotely suggest that she could be consumed with such passion as to flaunt convention or be driven to such depths of despair as to stuff the gas meter with small change.

Her heart never once sounds broken, let alone bruised, for when she croons somewhat cosily, *"I'd gladly surrender myself to you/body and soul"*, it's as if such personal effects can be instantly replaced by charging them up to her American Express Account!



Carly Simon — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

The last attribute one expects from any torch singer is a cold heart, but the fact remains that Carly Simon is unable to invest sufficient feeling into a lyric to conjure up the specific mood that each song is designed to create.

In the final reckoning, perhaps Carly Simon's forte is singing theme songs for James Bond movies!

Roy Carr

LIGHTNING STRIKES

CRAWLING CHAOS
The Gas Chair (Factory Benelux)

!NSIDE a ghastly cover lurks a shambles of studio piss-abouts, half-witted jamming and sundry other grotesqueries camouflaged as daring weirdness. This belongs in the electric chamber.

Richard Cook

COLONEL JIM SILVERS
Colonel Jim Silvers (Rollin' Rock)

TYPICAL, finger-linkin' rockabilly fodder from the active Californian label. Skilfully authentic. Col. Jim (who appears to namecheck Adam Ant in one song) sounds and unfortunately looks like a screaming redneck, but I'm happy to believe he's not. I wonder if the life which spawned this music still exists.

Dave Hill

THE CHEATERS
Sweat It Out (Revo)

LIKE nearly all their counterparts (revivalist bands) The Cheaters are unable to reproduce a feeling without the accompanying situation (musical, social, technical), leaving us with empty, self-conscious music that loses even its novelty value over both sides of an LP. Sure, they've tried to keep their R&Bish ideas alive by throwing in some rockabilly and a *soupcon* of heavy metal, but that just makes it sound messy. The Cheaters give away a free twelve-inch single with the album. Maybe it would've worked better the other way around.

Lloyd Bradley

THE DURUTTI COLUMN
'L.C.' (Factory)

TENSE, NERVOUS, strained? Take Durutti Column when the world gets too much. Eases pain, relaxes tension. Shouldn't damage your health. Actually wistful and positively reflective, and only a bit morose when Vinni Reilly sings. It's mainly instrumental though fortunately — all guitars and keyboards by Vinni Reilly — relying more on intriguing tonal layers than strong melodies; very introspective. And a great record to practice congas with.

Mark Cordery

ALPHONSE MOUZON
Morning Sun (London)

MOUZON is very good at what he does, or so I'm told. One of that field of music's heavyweights apparently. On playing this record though, that statement is pretty much like saying Sneezy was the tallest of the seven dwarves. Even his dog, Poobley, is in the credits. Get the idea?

Lloyd Bradley

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Inside You (Epic)

WHOEVER the Isleys' tailor is, I'm glad to see he's not lost his sense of humour (early Bootsy / late Elvis) which is more than can be said for the brothers though. 'Inside You' is about the unhappiest album I've heard for ages. Not in the same sense as the C & W "mah dawgs daid" biz, or the locksman's sufferation, it just comes on like the years are catching up with the singing Isleys and they sound tired, disinterested and more than a little pissed off. The songs, however, are that perky, high-school type pop/fink. The meeting of the two ("Ooh ooh girl, you're the greatest thing that ever happened to me, but who give a toss") results in a severe imbalance that makes listening quite an ordeal.

Lloyd Bradley

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Tickets £3.50, £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081

BILLY JOEL

Songs In The Attic (Live) (CBS)

'SONGS In The Attic' is not merely a record, it is a product, bursting at the seams with irrelevant information. The biography and newsletter between them relate the enterprisingly original Rags to Riches story, from pore lil Noo Yawk kid whose momma was a-strugglin' for survival, to chief CBS history/money maker. The songs, all taken from previous Joel LP's, almost parody the American emptiness cliche, all being mock-heroic adulations to places like Broadway or people like 'mah baby'. That every track is received with deafening cheers and whoops suggests that part, at least, of the massive arena audiences actually do identify with the ageless Hollywood bubblegum wet dream.

Los Angelinos-Everybody Loves You Now-I've Loved These Days . . . there's nothing 'wrong' present, just a whole lot right that isn't, like (e)motive power, searing perception, tearing love, pain, truth, hate, dreams, romance . . . an ultimate hollow gnaws in the parts not drowned by assertive amplitude or heavy instrumental thunder. My only conviction is that scavenged collections like this are adequately available on the studio LPs.

Leyla Sanai

JOHN ENTWHISTLE

Too Late The Hero (Atco/WEA)

IF HE hasn't done so already, John Entwhistle has now blown his cover as the silent Who eccentric, perpetrator of 'The Ox' and other musical oddities. Because off he's gone to California to team up with drummer Joe Vitale and guitarist Joe Walsh produce an album of mediocre MOR rock.

The title track, showcasing Entwhistle on synth, could be Genesis on an 'on' day — and that's still off. No matter that 'Dancing Master' (with the now obligatory disco touch from jaded rockers) and 'Love Is A Heart Attack' (on the theme of *la morte douce* or coming as you're going from this life for good) are reasonably hard rhythmically, the ultimate effect is of a bunch of musicians marking time and wasting yours.

This is even more the case with softer material like 'Lovebird': lovingness and lyricism don't flow easily from Entwhistle's workaday limited voice. No, there's nothing for you on this album, except maybe the quirky edge to 'Try Me' (rather reminiscent of Walsh's 'Life's Been Good To Me' single) and 'Talk Dirty'. Both these cuts are more energetic than anything on the last lumbering Who LP.

Paul Tickell

☐ *LPs EXTRA PAGE 41*

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TOUR NEWS

RETURN OF THE GREAT WHITE WINTER

Edgar Winter pic: Pennie Smith

☐ EDGAR WINTER, one of the pioneers of white funk, is set to play a short nationwide tour later this month. Following the pre-Xmas announcement that Winter will play a London date at Hammersmith Odeon on January 30, comes news that promoter Harvey Goldsmith has also booked the Texan band leader for concerts at Edinburgh Playhouse (January 28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Oxford New Theatre (31), and Sheffield Lyceum (February 2).

Tickets are set at £4, £3.50 and £3 for all out-of-London shows, while seats at Hammersmith are priced £4.75, £4.25 and £3.50.

☐ **THE SCORPIONS'** spring tour of the UK has been put back a few weeks as the band are still in the studio, working on their new album 'Blackout', which EMI have scheduled for release on March 12. Tickets already purchased will be valid for the new dates, which are: Manchester Apollo (April 5), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Newcastle City Hall (15 and 16), Bradford St George's Hall (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (23), Southampton Gaumont (26) and Bristol Colston Hall (27).

In the case of Newcastle, tickets originally purchased for Friday, February 12 are now valid for Thursday, April 15, while those purchased for Saturday, February 13 are now valid for Friday, April 16.

☐ **UK DECAY** play one London date at the Marquee this Friday (8) before embarking on a European tour.

☐ **JOHNNY MARS, whose blues band will be spending most of early '82 touring Europe, has lined up two UK dates this month. The first will be at Wolverhampton Poly on January 16 and the second at Hammersmith's Lyric Theatre on January 17, where several surprise guests will be appearing.**

☐ **ZOUNDS'** third single release, 'Dancing'/'True Love' comes out through Rough Trade in late January. Both songs were mixed by Mikey Dread. Meanwhile, the band, which has now expanded to a four piece, will be playing a number of engagements prior to the single's arrival, dates already lined up being: Bristol Trinity Hall (January 8), Yeovil Preston Centre (10), Bridgewater Arts Centre (12), Shrewsbury Art College (13), Telford Gemini Club (14), Retford Market Hall (15) and Scunthorpe CND Benefit (16). Support at all gigs, which have a set entrace fee of £1, will be Null And Void and The Instant Automotors.

☐ **BUDDY RICH,** ace jazz drummer, is bringing his 15-strong orchestra to Britain in March for one of the most extensive tours ever undertaken by an American big band in this country. The band, which features much touted saxman Steve Marcus, sparks off the tour at Peterborough The Cressett on March 3 and then plays Crawley Leisure Centre (4), Coventry Warwick University (5), Stockport Davenport Theatre (7), London Ronnie Scott's Club (8-13), Norwich Theatre Royal (14), Chichester Festival Theatre (15), Southend Cliff's Pavilion (17), London Festival Hall (18), Halifax Civic Hall (19), Ipswich Gaumont (20), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (23), Hatfield Forum (24), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (25), Cardiff New Theatre (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Derby Assembly Rooms (30), Slough Fulcrum (31), Newcastle City Hall (April 1), Edinburgh Playhouse (2), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (3) and New Brighton Floral Hall (4).

☐ **NEW ORDER appear at North London Poly on January 22. Tickets, price £2.50, are available through Rough Trade, Honky Tonk or Bonaparte's of King's Cross.**

☐ **THE EURYTHMICS** will be playing a date at London's Barracuda Club, Baker Street, on Monday, January 11. A new single is expected at the end of the month.

☐ **REVERB AND BARBED,** the three-piece who sport two bassists, have now increased their ranks further by adding ex-Megahype drummer Eddie Case. The band play dates at London's Hope And Anchor this Thursday (7) and The Golf Club, another London venue, on January 11.

☐ **ROY ORBISON, one of the stars of this year's Wembley Country Festival, arrives at the end of March to appear at a number of other UK venues. His first gig will be at Crawley Leisure Centre on March 26, after which he appears at Poole Arts Centre (28), Luton Caesar's Palace (March 31 — April 3), Windsor Blazers (April 5-7), and Frimley Lakeside Country Club (9). Orbison also plays a Southend date on March 30, though no venue has been announced.**

☐ **THE FLYING PADOVANIS,** recent guests on The Pretenders tour, are now lined up as support act on the Stiff Little Fingers' tour which begins at Hull on January 20.

RECORD NEWS

● **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** release a new single on January 15. Titled 'Maid Of Orleans', it is taken from the band's recent 'Architecture And Morality' album and will be made available in both 7" and 12" versions. The 12" format release will be issued in two different picture bags, both manufactured from a special silver foil material. One will conform to the stained glass window design representing Joan of Arc, which also adorns the 7" bag, while the other design is a raised, embossed profile of Joan of Arc, cut from the silver foil material.

● Glass Records have just released **The English Subtitles** album 'Original Dialogue', one side of which contains studio material, the other comprising live recordings made at London's Electric Ballroom. On the same label, **Bron Area** have a 12-inch EP 'Different Phrases' available shortly, followed in February by 12-inchers from **The Lemon Kittens, Where's Lisse** and **Kevin Harrison**. Also upcoming are releases by **Religious Overdose, In Embrace** and New York band **The Coolies.**

NEWSFLASH

ROCK OF AGES

BBJ International Music Division, who released the Peach River and Rag Baby labels, are to release a series of double-albums to tie-in with the appearance of Orbis Publishing's new weekly, *The History Of Rock*.

Volume one of the series, which will be available by mail order only through *History Of Rock*, is a single album featuring tracks by Elvis Presley. Vol. 2, the first of the double-helpings, will contain tracks by Bill Haley, Little Richard, Fats Domino and Buddy Holly, while Vol. 3 spotlights Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Eddie Cochran and The Platters. Some 30 albums will eventually be marketed.

EP'S EPS

ELVIS PRESLEY is the subject for an 11 EP release by RCA on January 29. One EP will feature out-takes from the *GI Blues* soundtrack, while others are titled 'Elvis Presley', 'Heartbreak Hotel', 'Real Elvis', 'Love Me Tender', 'Loving You', 'Jailhouse Rock', 'King Creole', 'Such A Night', 'Follow That Dream' and 'Kid Galahad'.

Lemon Kittens pic: David Corio

● **The Fixx,** previously with 101 Records, have now signed to MCA and have a new single, 'Some People'/'I Found You', released on January 15. The A side comes from their forthcoming album, produced by Rupert Hine.

● 'Tell Me, What Is The Bane Of Your Life'/'Mother, I've Killed The Cat' is a single out this weekend by **Phillip & His Foetus Vibrations** — who are, in fact, Phillip Toss (ex-lead singer of Foetus Under Glass) and the seven-piece San Francisco outfit You've Got Foetus On Your Breath. It's on Self Immolation Records & Tapes.

FRENCH FUNK FLING

JAZZ-FUNK and disco freaks can spend ten funk-filled days on the French Riviera this spring (May 21-30), in a package offered by Showstopper Promotions, who have leased the camping and caravan site at Le Caucadis on the Gulf of St. Tropez for that period.

A huge marquee will be erected for the nightly disco sessions, hosted by a team of ten top DJs. The accommodation is self-catering, but otherwise prices are all-in — with luxury tent at £128 and caravan at £148. Phone Showstopper at 01-886 8141 for more details.

STRANGE AIDS SOLIDARITY

RICHARD STRANGE will play a Solidarity benefit concert at The Fridge, Brixton, on January 21. He will be performing with sax player Dave Winthrop, guitarist Steve Bolton, a series of backing tapes and the dance troupe Aegis.

Richard Strange pic: Kevin Cummins

WEA BOOST HOME TAPING

WEA, whose labels include Warners, Atlantic, WEA, Elektra and Reprise, among others, upped the prices of their albums and 12" singles this week. Since the abolition of Recommended Retail Prices, figures are now quoted in Dealer Price, so it's difficult to assess just how much more punters will have to pay. But on wholesale prices, increases include 27p for a 12" single, 17p for a mid-price album and 16p for a new release album, triple-albums going up by 59p and standard back-catalogue albums by 35p. It's reasonable to assume that the dealer's profit margin will be increased pro rata.

Once consolation is that the price of seven-inch singles and double-albums remain unchanged. At press-time, no other companies had announced price rises but it's probable that WEA won't long be alone in the mad dash to relieve us of our few remaining shekels.

● European band **Univers Zero** have their third album 'Ceux De Dehors' out on Recommended Records, and they'll be returning to the UK shortly to promote it. Meanwhile, the label is now starting work on the Recommended double boxed set sampler, which will feature all unreleased material by **The Residents, Art Bears, Pere Ubu, Henry Cow** and many others.

● Just in time for a belated seasonal celebration, Cherry Red release a compilation album called 'Wild Party Sounds' — featuring specially recorded material by **The New Age Steppers, Prince Far I** and **The Mothmen**, among others. Upcoming from the same label later in January is the LP 'Love, Light And A Dream' by **The Misunderstood.**

● The new **Tygers Of Pan Tang** single is 'Do It Good', a remixed and edited version of a track from their 'Crazy Nights' album, issued by MCA on January 8. It's coupled with 'Slip Away', also from the LP.

● **Johnny Mars,** who signed to Ted Carroll's Ace label partly because he's sported a tattooed 'Ace' on his arm for yonks, has just released his version of 'Born Under A Bad Sign' for the label. The number was formerly a hit for Albert King.

● **Bernie Marsden,** Whitesnake's guitarist, has a new EMI single out on January 15. Titled 'Thunder And Lightning', it's an edited version of a song which appeared on his 'Look At Me Now' album.

● **Trevor Horn,** of Buggles fame, is stepping up the production side of his career. After producing and writing three singles for **Dollar, he's now working in a similar capacity for Sheila, Martin Shaw** of *The Professionals* and **Amanda Lear. Buggles** themselves will have a new album 'Adventure In Modern Recording' issued in mid-February, this being preceded by a January 15 singe release.

● Jazz vocalist **Angela Bofill** has a single 'Holdin' Out For Love'/'Only Love' released by Arista this week. Her album, 'Something About You', produced by Naralda Michael Walden, follows on February 12.

● **Zeitgeist,** who are currently lining up a number of London dates, have just released their re-working of The Temptations' 'Ball Of Confusion' on the Jamming label, the B-side comprising a dub version of 'Confusion' plus a song titled 'Don't Hold On'. The band have recently added a percussionist to being them up to a six-piece.

● **The Outputs, West City 5, Between The Smile** and **The Architects** are the four bands who supply tracks for the Epigram EP, the second Epigram release, now available through Rough Trade.

Nationwide Gig Guide

Thursday 7th

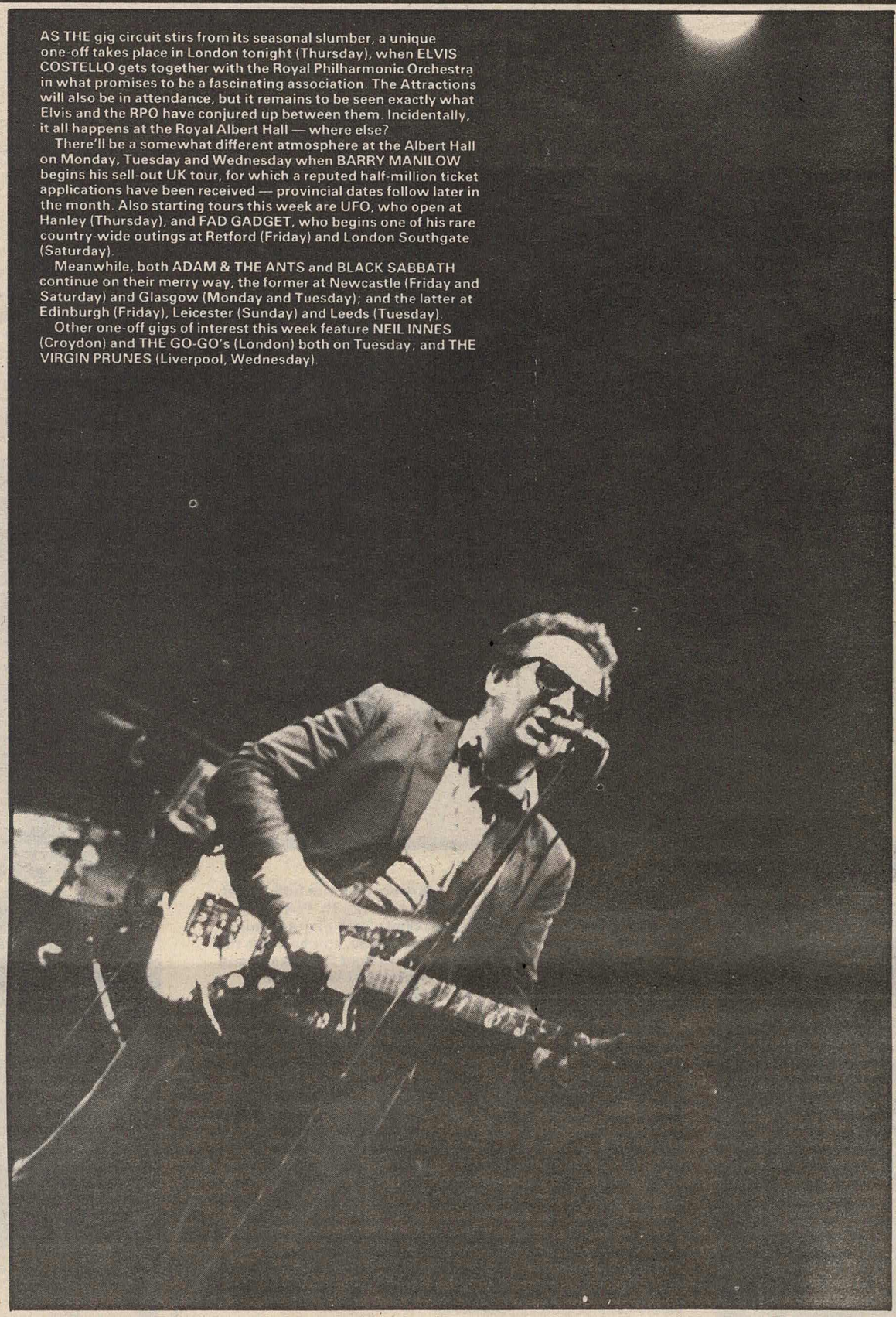
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Hotel: **Flying Objects**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jazz Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Gents / The Dads**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra / Sweet Substitute**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Cayenne**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **UFO**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Titan / Commutor / Freebird**
King's Lynn Regis Rooms: **Chelsea / Section A / Reality**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cobras / The Cannibals**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **The King's Swingers**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **Limehouse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Talk Like That / D–Trap**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Creamies / The Cut-Outs / Praxis**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Chemical Alice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sector 27 / Thunderboys**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The 01 Band / Mouse & The Underdog**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kino Mundo**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **The Meteors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tres**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Elvis Costello / Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Clare Trio with Al Cohn (for four days)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The B.M.T.'s / King Kurt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Oasis / Virtual Image**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Newcastle The Junction: **Prayer Before Birth / Kant-Kino / Secret Sex**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Sunderland Hero's Club: **Zap**

AS THE gig circuit stirs from its seasonal slumber, a unique one-off takes place in London tonight (Thursday), when ELVIS COSTELLO gets together with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in what promises to be a fascinating association. The Attractions will also be in attendance, but it remains to be seen exactly what Elvis and the RPO have conjured up between them. Incidentally, it all happens at the Royal Albert Hall — where else?

There'll be a somewhat different atmosphere at the Albert Hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday when BARRY MANILOW begins his sell-out UK tour, for which a reputed half-million ticket applications have been received — provincial dates follow later in the month. Also starting tours this week are UFO, who open at Hanley (Thursday), and FAD GADGET, who begins one of his rare country-wide outings at Retford (Friday) and London Southgate (Saturday).

Meanwhile, both ADAM & THE ANTS and BLACK SABBATH continue on their merry way, the former at Newcastle (Friday and Saturday) and Glasgow (Monday and Tuesday); and the latter at Edinburgh (Friday), Leicester (Sunday) and Leeds (Tuesday).

Other one-off gigs of interest this week feature NEIL INNES (Croydon) and THE GO-GO's (London) both on Tuesday; and THE VIRGIN PRUNES (Liverpool, Wednesday).



Elvis pic: Francesco Mellina

Friday 8th

Ashford William Harvey Social Centre: **The Graphics**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Spider**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Cause**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **The Controls**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Blurt/Zounds**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rock Goddess/Killer**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Edinburgh Ingleston Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Black Sabbath**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Keighley The Turkey Inn: **The Vikings**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Virtual Image**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Lightning Raiders/Lords Of The New Church**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **The Thunderboys**
London Chiswick Bulls Head: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **I.C.Q.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/The Reactions**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Actifed/Urban Dissidents**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Alarm**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dancing Did**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Neuer Art/Ian Ferguson**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Red Beans & Rice/The Extras**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **UFO**
Newcastle City Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Nottingham Rock City: **After The Fire**
Retford Porterhouse: **Fad Gadget**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Flying Objects**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle: **Nic Jones**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Gents**

Saturday 9th

Ashford Charter Sports & Social Club: **The Graphics**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Crucial Music**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Spider**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Dick and Sue Miles**
Bristol Hawthorns Hotel: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Marillion**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Mo-dettes / Headline**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Survivors**
Hitchin North Herts College: **Anti-Pasti**
Huddersfield White Lion: **The Cause**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The B.M.T.'s**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Pickett & Marsh**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Feelers / Freehand**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Searchers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tomorrow's Faces**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor/ The Creamies**
London Hammersmith The Clarendon: **Long Tall Shorty / The Routine**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Killer Wales / The Act**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin / The Gents**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Pete Hurt Quintet**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band / Yeow**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Midnight Follies Orchestra / Sweet Substitute**
London Southgate The Rox: **Fad Gadget**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Urban Dissidents / Enola**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Middleton (Suffolk) The Bell: **The Clues**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Spring Offensive**
Newcastle City Hall: **Adam & The Ants**
Portsmouth Buckland Youth Centre: **Polemic Attack**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero / The Xit**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **UFO**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Distractors**

Sunday 10th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **The Cause**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Cuddly Toys**
Glasgow Black Bull: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Granby Halls: **Black Sabbath**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **UFO**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): **Fingerprintz / The Up-Sect / Baby 'n' The Monsters / Roman Holiday**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Howard Samuels**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dads / Crying Shames**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mark Murphy**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Miles Over Matter**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Gents**
London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime) **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **West End Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Harry Becket**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakfast Band**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Nick Garvey**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Littlejohn Quintet**
Luton Cottars: **Spring Offensive**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Teeside Fettlers**
Slough Alexandra's: **Motor Boys Motor**
Stonehouse Crown & Anchor: **Blurt**
Yeovil Preston Centre: **Zounds**

Monday 11th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Overkill/Killer**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Andy Allan's Future/Bonsai Forest/The Specimen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Mood Six/Miles Over Matter/The High Tide**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Odd Hits/The Escorts**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Horler**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Puffin Club**
London Fulham King's Head: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ralph Sutton** (for a week)
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Limehouse**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jimmy Roche Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barry Manilow**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Virtual Image/Plain Characters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
London Victoria The Venue: **Louis Lepke/Tony Tuff/Sammy Dread**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Eurythmics**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Newcastle City Hall: **UFO**
Slough Alexandra's: **The 01 Band**
St Albans Adelaide Wine Bar: **The Gents**
Swinton The Bee Hive: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Hot Gossip** (for a week)

Tuesday 12th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Zounds**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Plain Characters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Neil Innes / Johnny Solo Band**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Black Sabbath**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Mark Murphy**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Legendary MI5 Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Nick Garvey**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Central Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The 'A' Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen; **Mitch Dalton's Jam Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stampede / Idle Flowers**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Go-Go's / OK Jive**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Silence**
Londo Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Marillion**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barry Manilow**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Dawn Patrol / Parting Shots**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Seeds Of Creation**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rhythm Of Life**
London W.1 Gulliver's: **The Gents**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester (Falsworth) Marlborough Club: **Rockin Horse**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **Limelight**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Keith Nichols' Tribute To Fats Waller**

Wednesday 13th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Mark Murphy**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Hilda**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UFO**
Halifax Acapulco Club: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Kidderminster Gainsborough House Hotel: **Keith Nichols' Tribute To Fats Waller**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Virgin Prunes**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Skinners Rats**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dave Kelly**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dislocation Dance**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Gents**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nick Garvey/The Net**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Davey Graham & Duck Baker**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Exciters**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **11.35/Trackway**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Barry Manilow**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio with Al Cohn**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Waves/The Prams**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Victoria The Venue: **Anthony Moore/The Mothmen**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Marillion**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Shrewsbury Art College: **Zounds**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Dancette**
South Woodford Railway Ball: **Original East Side Stompers**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Reptile House**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

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UK DECAY
+ support & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 9th January (Adm £1.50)
OVERKILL
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 10th January (Adm £1.50)
DOLLY MIXTURE
+ plus support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 11th January (Adm £2.00)
PARK AVENUE
+ the Operators & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 12th January (Adm £2.00)
INNER CITY UNIT
with Robert Calvert
plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 13th January (Adm £1.50)
FUNHOUSE
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PANACHE
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x LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH
SAT 9
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MON 11
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OF THE BLUES BAND
WED 13
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+ The Rimshots

Saturday 9th January £1.50
CROWN OF THORNS

Monday 11th January £1.50
REVERB + BARB

Tuesday 12th January £1.50
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Wednesday 13th January £1.50
Dining out night
NEW AGE
+ Kan Kan + Support

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Wednesday 13th January £1.50
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ROCK CITY
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MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane
West Hamstead tube

Thursday 7th January
OASIS + Virtual Image
Friday 8th January
IMPULSE + Support
Saturday 9th January
HARLEQUINS + Speakeasy
Sunday 10th January
VENDETTA + Support
Monday 11th January
HARMONIC DISTORTION
+ Support
Ring 624 7611 for details of rest of week

STARLIGHT
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Thursday 7th January
THE STOOLS + Paint
Friday 8th January
DOLLY MIXTURES + the Gatecrashers
Saturday 9th January
FEAR OF FLYING + the Idleflowers
Ring 624 7611 for details of rest of week

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Wednesday 6th January £1.00
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MILES OVER MATTER

Monday 11th January £1.00
IVORY COASTERS

Tuesday 12th January £1.00
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THE SILENCE

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THE Venue
160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
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Doors open 7.30pm
Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Wednesday 6th & Thursday 7th January
CLOSED

Friday 8th January £3.00
CAYENNE
+ Fast Food

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THE INMATES
+ The Stiff All-stars

Monday 11th January £3.00
LOUIS LEPKE, TONY TUFF + SAMMY DREAD

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featuring PAUL HAIG
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Wednesday 13th January £2.00
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COMING SOON

Friday 15th January £3.00
ALEX HARVEY
Saturday 16th January £3.50
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Tuesday 19th January £2.00
ANIMAL MAGNET
Wednesday 20th January £3.00
ORANGE JUICE
Thursday 21st January £2.50
THE SOUND + King Trigger
Saturday 23rd January £3.00
DARTS
Tuesday 2nd February £3.00
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Saturday 6th February £3.50
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S.A.L.T.
The Occasional Blues
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Friday 8th January £2.00
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RHYTHM ROCKERS
+ Stray Dogs

Saturday Lunchtime Free
SOUTHERN COMFORT
Backing band for Long John Baldry
More blues than the blues band plus natty brass section

Saturday 9th January £1.00
NATIONAL GOLD
+ Vampires
At last! Hard rock has hit Croydon Not to be missed

Sunday Lunchtime
STARCORE
featuring Nicky Barclay

Tuesday 12th January £1.00
EXTRAS
+ Flick of the Wrist

Wednesday 13th January £1.00
MAINLAND
+ Krysis

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Members £2.50 Non Members £3.50
9.30 pm — 2.00 am
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Sunday 10th £1
THE GENTS
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Friday 15th £1
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Friday 8th January
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STEALER +Freehand
Sunday 10th January £1.00
THE DADS +Crying Shames
Monday 11th January £1.00
THE ODD HITS +The Escor s
Tuesday 12th January £1
THE A BAND
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TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6153

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

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THU. JAN 7. + CUTOUTS + FRAXIS

ELECTRIC BLUE BIRDS
FRI 8. All the way from the Deptford delta, a cajun (pronounced 'cadjun') outfit with a FAB POODLE or two, some REALISTS, and a whole bunch of fresh enthusiasm.

THE SEARCHERS
SAT. 9. Famous for 'Needles & Pins' and 'Sweets for my sweet'. But New songs equally as good.

MON. FAST FOOD + BRONZE

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
TUE 12. The Karma Sutra set to music. Definitely recommended!

DISLOCATION DANCE
WED. 13. 'Soul & Humour...hear how old-fashioned they make XTC sound.' N.M.E

THE CHEFS
THU. 14. the top 40 pop minus the sugar coating and naive love sentimentality. Can rock out, too. Witness their single: '24 Hours'

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LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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JANUARY
27 Haircut 100
27, 28 UFO
28 Stiff Little Fingers
30 Edgar Winter
31 UB40

FEBRUARY
1, 2, 3 UB40
4, 5 Teddy Pendergrass
7 Altered Images
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
13 Depeche Mode
20 Krokus
21, 22 Teardrop Explodes
25 Scorpions

MARCH
2 Blackfoot
10, 11 10cc
13, 15, 16, 17, 18 Earth, Wind & Fire
20 Iron Maiden
26–29 Motorhead

APRIL
9-12 Country Music Festival
26–27 Metal Loaf

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MCP & KILTORCH presents
Blackfoot
plus guests
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C·J·B Professor· PHD of Dance ····· 8th Jan'82
TURNTABLE TENSION with Graham Smith·9th Jan'82
SOUL·FUNK·DANCE & ABACUS H&Dr Funk·11th Jan'82
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 15th
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the age of moods is gone
HARLEQUINS
+ Support at the **MOONLIGHT**
Saturday 9th January

MCP presents
Stiff Little Fingers
with guests THE FLYING PADOVANIS
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R&B

Ray and Chrissie. They go to sleep . . . together. Pic Peter Anderson.

From page 16

So, boards were duly upped, and he thought it would be a neat idea to spray 'Give The People What They Want' across them (so providing the album's cover-shot in the process).

Although Ray Davies will forever be called the "most English" of songwriters, and says his attachment to the place never falters, he's the first to agree that America offers them a more congenial setting nowadays. The UK music scene is fluid and challenging, but also treacherously fickle. ("I get people in England telling me I've 'lost it' — whatever I used to have. But I don't feel I have.") In the States, a band can build a solid career for itself: the place is big enough, the following's steady enough. Whereas for England: "I'm pissed off because my single isn't being played. And because I know our album won't get played." Radio is an abiding sore point of his.

Maybe it's the old business, I suggest, of The Kinks being "an institution" over here, taken for granted — unlike their American success, which is far more recent. Over here, you've got that illustrious past to compete with. But Davies isn't content with the argument: "We've never been as big as people think we are." As he recalls it, The Kinks have really spent their time as underdogs — well-respected (well, off and on), but never in the same commercial big league as their contemporaries like the Stones.

"All this talk of us being an institution . . . but we've never absolutely made it. We always *had to achieve*. And it's been a good thing, to be just below that top level, in that it gives you room to experiment . . . Fancy a cuppa?"

With the halftime whistle blown, the Band of the Metropolitan Police are marching over the turf, treating us to a selection from *Fiddler On The Roof*. At the kiosk downstairs, Ray is purchasing the beverages when a youth leans over and fixes him an inane smile.

"Harternoon Teeee?" enquires the youth, in a presumably humorous accent.

"Er, yeah," nods Davies, and turns away quickly. All around the bar, local businessmen-made-good are standing in expensive overcoats, talking loudly.

"It's all a social occasion for them, really," says the Kink. "It's just like the opera. Only opera's faster than this game."

Back for the second half, Arsenal v Liverpool grinds towards the inevitable replay, and Ray Davies admits there are times when he feels like packing it all in — the band, that is. The pressure is bad enough, the pressure from himself as much as anybody else (though it was worse in the days when he was expected to produce hit after hit), but the inertia is irritating too — the times like now when he's in between the U.S. campaign and starting the UK album promotion. The match is a disaster as well, and we join the general exodus ten minutes before the end.

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," he apologises to Chrissie and me, with that bemused grin of his. What *do* people want?

"Ha!" the Pretender laughs. "Boy, you sure know how to show a girl a good time . . ." And she gives him a cuddle as they wait for the limo to come.

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1 ARTHUR (AA)
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2. PRINCE OF THE CITY (X)
Wk & Sun 1.20, 4.30, 7.45 Late show Sat 11.25

ABC 1,2,3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: ARTHUR (AA)
Progs 12.55, 3.50, 5.25, 8.0 Sun 5.15, 7.50
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Progs 2.15, 5.0, 7.50 Sun 5.0, 7.45 Late show Sat 11.00
3: PRINCE OF THE CITY (X)
Progs 1.00, 4.10, 7.25
Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1,2,3,4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: ARTHUR (AA)
1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Sun 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 Late show Fri/Sat 11.15
2 SUPERMAN II (A)
3.40, 8.40 Sun 3.25, 8.25
SUPERMAN The Movie (A)
1.0, 6.0 Sun 5.40
3: CALIFORNIA DOLLS (X)
3.20, 5.55, 8.40 Sun 5.55, 8.40
Progs 2.45, 5.20, 8.00 Sun 5.20, 8.00 Late show Fri/Sat 11.15
4: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (A)
2.20, 5.20, 8.20 Sun 5.20, 8.20 Progs Wk & Sun 4.35, 7.35 Late show Fri/Sat 11.15

ABC Fulham Road
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog L'cnd Bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: ARTHUR (AA)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: GALLIPOLI (A)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
3: CALIFORNIA DOLLS (X)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.40
4: PRINCE OF THE CITY (X)
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 1.35, 5.0, 8.30
5: 5th Great Month
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
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PRINT

For 20 years The Rolling Stones have provided rock writers with more shock horror, outrage and column inches than any other group. In David Dalton's new book, a lot of them — the writers, not the Stones — get to speak their piece again. Here, Barney Hoskyns speaks his.

Dogtooth jackets, velvet lapels, Chelsea boots — Bill, Mick and Brian rave it up for their first TV appearance.

The Rolling Stones — The First Twenty Years (Thames & Hudson £7.95)
by David Dalton

TO UNDERSTAND The Rolling Stones today is to understand the pivotal function and mentality of the Great American Rock Critic, a category almost as sombre and venerable as The Great American Novel.

David Dalton's *The Rolling Stones — The First Twenty Years* is a fascinating and excessive narrative of transformation, betrayal, and overdetermination. As Dalton says at one point: "We have accumulated around the Stones more images than can be reconciled among themselves." Actually, for over a decade, the Great American Rock Critic has put more of his faith, trust, hope and whole being into The Rolling Stones than into even Bob Dylan.

The Rolling Stones have been almost totally determined by America. As art students they took the blues from her, as teen idols they were managed and hyped by a poor cousin of the Tycoon Of Teen, and as ageing supertramps they continue to write songs about black hookers in New York City. What is tantalising about *The First Twenty Years* is trying to observe the transformation of the group from naughty boys in houndstooth jackets and velvet collars — following the Loog's sacred dictum that "for every star there is an anti-star, for The Beatles there are The Rolling Stones" — into the American idea of The Greatest Rock'n'Roll Band In The World. Because, quite simply, there is a lack of adequate documentation to carry it through. In Dalton's narrative the transformation is so sudden you hardly notice it. So wary is he of the usual drug anecdotes, and so over-dependent on hysterical headlines of the time, that the only sense of change comes from snippets of Great American Rock Criticism itself: Christgau, Landau, Marcus, etc. *ad infinitum.*

BECAUSE THE serious rock mags — *Crawdaddy, Rolling Stone* — only appeared on the scene in late '66 (when, significantly, *The Rolling Stones Monthly* terminated), because the likes of Landau only started writing their po-faced dissertations on the lyrics of Dylan, Lennon, and Jagger so comparatively late on in the game, Dalton is left rather in the lurch. For the years 62-66, he has to rely on teen fan mags, above all Gloria Stavers's *16,* and the result is that the Stones as the second wave of the English pop phenomenon are only traced through the rather unimaginative terrain of facts. The pre-Altamont, pre-Riviera, pre-heroin Rolling Stones become a somewhat remote Fleet Street fantasy.

Dalton could have done better here. As he puts it so cleverly (and the passage was first quoted eight years ago in that hilarious Jagger biography by Jamake Marks-Highwater), "in various bedrooms of suburban London — while Little Richard found God, Elvis obeyed Uncle Sam, and Chuck Berry was in jail — Mick and Keith conspired to reinvent the USA, a giant topographical fantasy hardly less enveloping than Brecht and Weill's imaginary America in the pop-opera *Mahogany.* It's become such a part of our mental furniture that we recognise it immediately as, at least, a parallel universe. Naive in the extreme, often exotic as a Japanese Western, it's still funkier than the one we've got."

Jagger and Richard *did* reinvent the USA, as they themselves were invented *by* it. They took the whole monstrous, uncontainable thing and turned it inside out. What Dalton could have explored more thoughtfully is, for instance, the vital tension between the Stones of Swinging London, of mod fashions, pills, neurotic debutantes, encapsulated in camp ballads like 'Lady Jane' and 'As Tears Go By', with the Stones — particularly Keith and Brian — as obsessive rock'n'roll scholars, neophytes of American mythology.

That tension extends to the polarities of Jagger as classless, androgynous, and ultimate social *star* and Richards as degenerate, anti-social *ur*-musician. In Dalton's relentless chronology these things don't surface. As he confesses in his preliminary acknowledgements, "we had become part of the recent breed of obsessed rock archivists, hopelessly regressed to a stage of development experienced primarily by male adolescents, known at latency." A history of the Stones comes rife with attendant problems: What are the contexts, social or otherwise? Where is the dividing line between protagonists and spectators? Who is the history FOR?

CLEARLY, this big bumper colour book — expensive too — is an object designed for consumption by obsessed fans who, in all probability, already own Roy Carr's excellent *Illustrated Record,* Scaduto's biography, and numerous other artefacts, if not Dalton's own *Unauthorized Biography.* The advance information sheet puts it more succinctly than I can be bothered to: "From the very beginning until today, the book's power is its immediacy. We have the Stones in their own words, talking, fighting about themselves and each other, telling us how they see the world and what is happening to them, on-stage and off. And we have the world's reaction to them . . . The tours. The headline scandals. The raunch (?). The drug busts. The death of Brian Jones. The marriages, the women, the anything-but-private lives, the years as sinister celebrities."

Within that framework it's a lot of fun. 150,000 words worth of the stuff, to be precise. In range and comprehensiveness of information it is awesome: interviews with everyone from Giorgio Gomelsky, manager of the Crawdaddy Club at the Station Hotel, to Kenneth Anger, and hundreds of photographs. Nevertheless, one is still left with a feeling of familiarity, albeit on a grand scale. While the Stones have created their own monolithic distance from reality (as Marks-Highwater put it, "a myth is something we can't destroy through comprehension"), Dalton has allowed too great a distance to fall between him and what was actually going on behind the headlines. It is as though he had merely accepted the Stones as their own cynical media machine and taken a purely back-seat, co-ordinative role in the story.

This is why he leaves the real *interpretation* of the phenomenon to The Critics, pretending he isn't one and failing to see that the Stones have been determined, hypostatised by the twin journalistic poles of High Seriousness — *Rolling Stone, Creem,* etc — and High Triviality — eg. the snobbish homosexuality of Truman Capote. The second half of *The First Twenty Years* is devoted to independent interpretations, but for the most part these are either extremely tiresome (Terry Southern) or extremely mundane (Lisa Robinson).

That The Rolling Stones were *the* blueprint for rock rebellion, glamour and charisma is undeniable. But it was a blueprint fashioned out of pop's illusions and the historical evolution of style itself. When the Stones started taking hard drugs, when around the time of 'Have You Seen Your Mother?' their behaviour began to go beyond sensationalism, when, *above all,* after the drug busts they refused the role of rock martyrs and became overt hedonists, a major transformation occurred in the whole sensibility of pop, and Dalton has backed off from charting it. The closest he comes to confronting the sense of betrayal after Altamont, for example, is to say they had already "crossed over into the savvy seventies." He pointedly fails to recognise that it was the very visceral quality of the Stones' stature which screwed up the trust and preconceptions of their thinking audience. Nowhere in the book does he show us what happened *within* the Stones that ultimately gave the lie to those preconceptions. The summaries are left to the on-the-spot hackery of unbiquitous pop reporters like Keith Altham. There is no real historical overview.

DALTON SLIGHTS the New Journalists as purveyors of a minor form of pop sociology which depended on "aesthetic distance, irony, and analysis of behaviour entirely alien to rock'n'roll", but his own breathless flight through time leaves the Stones high and dry. Above all, a far more concerted attempt to come to terms with Mick Jagger is essential. When Mick joked that after the drug busts, he "turned bourgeois", he was already mapping out the seventies in his mind as a decade of bad faith.

"How can you expect a pop singer to analyse his audience or his effect on anything?" pleads Jagger in his May '68 *International Times* interview with Miles. Everyone has since accepted that he never analyses, or even thinks about, anything. "We chose the Stones to bring our darkness into the light", wrote Lenny Kaye, but The Rolling Stones — The First Twenty Years doesn't explain why. When Dalton ends up maintaining that we are still "symbiotically, if not parasitically, connected to them", he ignores the fact that "we" are not all American rock critics. This is why, in essence, The Rolling Stones have become an American fantasy.

The Sex Pistols: The Inside Story (Star £2.50)
by Fred and Judy Vermorel

FIRST PUBLISHED in '78 and detailing the media onslaught that was The Pistols (remember the 'filth and fury' reactions to the Grundy TV escapade, and the EMI and A&M capers and cheques out of chaos), *The Sex Pistols* as a history not only dug deep but captured the tone of the era — helped by interviews with the band and extensive use of newspaper clippings. This is a revised, updated version which examines The Pistols' (logical) disintegration, the sad saga of Sid and Nancy, and the making of *The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle;* there are interviews with Glitterbest house-cineaste Julian Temple, Al Clark of Virgin (the band's final resting place), and Danny Friedman of the Victoria and Albert Museum who recently bought £1,000 worth of Jamie Reid's Pistols art-work.

In a conclusion, Fred Vermorel attempts to put punk into perspective and, in spite of some great insights into McLaren, fails. Especially off-beam are comparisons between Rotten and Kate Bush, just because both are Catholics. Still, basically Fred's head is in the right place: he's right to dismiss *The Swindle* and hint at the corrosive sub-Dickensian film which might have been, had Russ Mayer completed *Who Killed Bambi?*

Paul Tickell

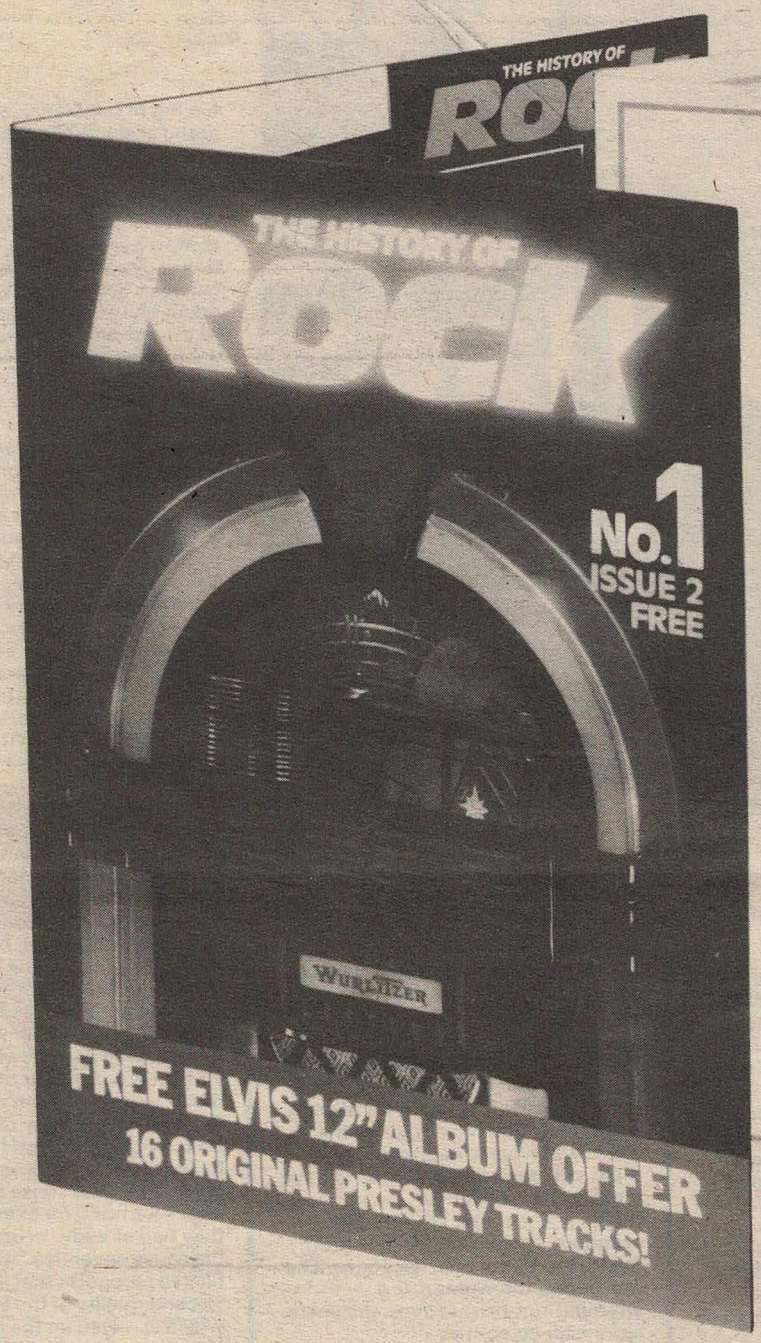
Five Years (National Youth Bureau £2.25)
by Howard and Pip Williamson

WRITTEN BY a sociologist team of husband and wife, *Five Years* (title based on the Bowie song) traces the late adolescence of several working-class males as they progress through youth clubs, borstal, bum jobs and unemployment — and a lot of chapter headings based on yet more Bowie songs.

Although the authorial duo decide to cut back on the sociologese, they never make the necessary imaginative leap into the heads of the boys. The end result is a plain prose documentary almost in the tone of a school report; eg one of the lads got "increasingly involved in the cultures surrounding the drug-taking, gay liberation and anti-Nazi movements of the young London scene".

Paul Tickell

Twenty five years of Rock.



THE HISTORY OF
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LIVE!

Angelic Upstarts

100 Club

"THIS, KIDDER," said Mensi, "is going to be a Christmas knees-up."

The 100 Club was packed out with skins, punks and Finnish photographers. Surprised, because you thought skinheads were the only item on the menu tonight; Finnish, because the muscled mohicans and peroxide punks who rattled and rolled before the Upstarts were called Lama, and Lama, in yer actual Finland lingo, means "Oppression". No one would have known, you couldn't catch the drift of Scandinavian protest (a punk's a punk) but I asked one of these splendid, pallid punkettes, over from Finland to see their boys pissed and shout, and she said . . . but the only bit I understood was the meaning of "lama".

Cocky skins kept asking shocking Finns for lights, matches, burn ze cigarette, no? and wandered off baffled and worried by the unusual effects of one pint of lager. Me and Pete wandered off to the broom cupboard where Mensi was hiding to hear the latest on Sunderland and playing the rock game the Upstart way.

Mensi didn't know what they were doing, when the next album would appear, where the next single would spring from, all that jazz, but he did know Sunderland beat York one nil last time they played, so I hid my scarf and wandered off.

Mensi grinned onstage and started bemoaning his ugliness; Mond wound up his clockwork guitar and the Upstarts begin the begun with 'I Ain't Never Had Nothing'.

All the girls stood along the back of the stage (purple, red, black and yellowing white), all the bouncers stood along the front — both lines mouthing lyrics, neither bouncing anyone. Sandwiched in between The Angelic Upstarts cursed 'Last Night Another Soldier', 'Police Oppression' and 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place' as the boneheads chanted for 'England'.

Mens retitled on the spot and gave us 'Rock Against Russia': "Guns for the Polish rebels!" The boneheads shook fists, cheered Solidarity and five minutes later were chanting for 'England' . . .

A poem called 'Soldier' sparked the braincell into action and a neat switch from chanting 'England!' to ranting "Smash the IRA!" was successfully executed. Mensi sang: "I wish they'd stay at home", explaining the troops are fighting someone else's war and should do a bunk, sharpish, but the little bleeders never listen and the troops keep firing on one braincell. Peter muttered orange murder and I whispered a rebel song.

Mensi cleared the rancid cobwebs by hollering 'Kids On The Street', the boneheads sang: "Black and white (unite and fight) / Together we are dynamite" and so it goes . . .

The mikes went dead so Mensi mimed — the right hand side of the PA blew so Mensi told everyone to move over to the left. There were kids all over the stage, kids all over the floor, punks making both ways for the bars on both sides, skins surging back and forwards from the bouncers behind to the bouncers in front and the Upstarts closed with 'The Murder Of Liddle Towers'.

The band were on stage and the kids on the deck were the upstarts and this was *their* party. Going up in a puff of smoke? Nah.

X. Moore

Pastiche makes perfect

Mick Karn and David Sylvian. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Japan

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

FUNNY HOW things turn out. As '81 turns into '82, Japan can hear themselves talked about with unaccustomed respect. Last time I saw them, about three years ago, it was standard to write them off as spineless glam-rock failures. So why the change?

Although you'll hear it put down to the fickle whims of trendies, the alteration in Japan's reputation is really due to themselves. They used to be rotten and they slowly got good. All the dry ice, the satin and tat, the grinding NY Dolls heavy metal riffs — these, of course, are consigned to history. But even since their move to elegantly subdued mood music, around 'Quiet Life', the group have made some solid improvements. There must be a moral behind all of this. With patience, pastiche makes perfect.

Against a stage set that resembles a high-tech Chinese takeaway, complete with TV screen in the corner, Japan emerge with what amounts to a signature tune for their interest in things oriental: 'Canton' from the current 'Tin Drum' LP. The same piece provides the show's formal close as well. Stately and inscruable, 'Canton' is an impressive context for the inventive bass of Mick Karn, virtually a lead instrument, punctuating the smooth washes of sound from Richard Barbieri's keyboards.

Apart from 'Visions Of China' — accompanied by slides depicting stirring scenes of the People's Republic — nothing else is so explicitly Chinese . . . no soulful ballads about the tractor factories of Kwan Tang province exceeding all previous productivity targets, no attempt to emulate Formby's seminal 'Mr Wu's A Window Cleaner Now'. However, there's little doubt that David Sylvain's fetchingly decadent pastel blue Mao suit would draw sharp comment at any self-criticism meeting of the local cadres. As might the geisha-like praying-hands way that he holds his microphone (a gesture I soon see being copied among the more mobile members of the audience). Visually, the real focal point is Karn, who's perfected a sort of sideways scuttle, like a rickshaw driver doing a three-point turn.

It's the new song 'Ghosts' which finally puts these image distractions out of mind; it's definitely their most substantial achievement to date. The only complaint I would still make is the similarity of Sylvain's singing to Ferry's — the point is so old as to be cliched now, but I can't get past it, and it's a perpetual irritation. For the rest of the material, taken mainly from 'Tin Drum' and 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids', Japan cruise beautifully. Often, their music *has* to be beautiful — because, with occasional exceptions like 'Ghosts', it just isn't much else besides.

Yet, superficial as it frequently seems, Japan's music bears the signs of a group who've slowly learned to assert their own identity more, and who've very nearly perfected its appeal. It would be ironic if they chose this moment to dissolve.

Paul Du Noyer

Edge

Sheffield

THIS IS the ultimate tribalism. This is how it might end up. These chaps in the beards and scarves have got the skinheads and the heavy metallics beaten hands down. Hands down at the back! No, you can't leave the room: you are the room (geddit?). Jazz, this. Or, as the poster has it: Superb Contemporary Jazz from London. The only word I can quarrel with there is Superb. Too many of the audience left for Edge to be Superb, because Superb is a two-way thing. And Edge were simply one way: In. The evening offered more questions than answers, which isn't a bad situation. The main question was: How far up a cul-de-sac can you go before you disappear up your own *cul*? The answer here tonight was: not much further. I'd gone along because these days jazz is once again a hot property, and I'd gone along to see if they still clapped the solos and kept DEAD QUIET during the tunes. Yes and No. They clapped the solos but they kept DEAD LOUD during the tunes, which is jolly good, or on the road to jolly good. At least it wasn't quite like being a church. It was like being in a noisy church. I tried, honest. The two mates I went with tried. The whole audience tried. Edge tried. It was a very trying event. It didn't mean a thing and what you lose on the swing you don't gain nowhere. In other words it don't mean a thing and we're proud of it. Don't get me wrong; I'm not pleading for accessible music, I'm all for rigorous standards; I'm just against the narcissistic romance of it all. Old Romantics, New Romantics: the sax player against the intruding world, pushing hard, nearer and nearer to the edge. And further away. This jazz is like an empty goldfish bowl: it once contained something that could move. Go! Go! Go! This isn't It!

Ian McMillan

Ten Past Seven
Stalag 17

Belfast

TEN PAST Seven — flagrant harmonics, peeling the guitar until it tangs, steamhammer drums, whistlehiss hi-hat and dambuster bass. Working together, things are shaping up.

Another band with a pressing, pleasing polish. A sheen that's functional, restorative and preserving rather than simply houseproud. But I still don't believe the lyrics are telling it like it is. I think they follow form too much, songwriting made simple — sheessosweetwalking downthestreet. It's not enough that the sound echoes the sense, each line should be slogan slick, and that means no cliche — it means allusion to feeling.

Ten Past Seven's songs are effective and valuable but there are reserves here that could really be proud — without hubris, without lack.

Meanwhile, would it be cruel to compare grimly named Stalag 17's Charboys of the Bored to Ten Past's Chairman of the Board? There's a job there somewhere.

Simply, there's no reason why Stalag 17 shouldn't possess Mekon magic. It seems they've chosen their form only to do themselves down. As it is — the sound of breeze blocks falling to the gutter. The concrete and the Krays. Thick gutta-percha.

Stalag 17 are all bar-chord bluster booming through closed doors. What's needed is a deed poll, more mastery and less battery.

The lasting of the Mohicans — an insoluble conundrum for sure, but they are dancing and there is enthusiasm.

The common pursuit starts here.

Adrian Maddox

Pulsallama — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

The pacemakers!

Pulsallama

New York

A BUZZ was going around. This you've got to see, the buzz said. This you won't believe. So I went to see, and the buzz was right. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the flashiest, funniest, craziest entertainment currently working this side of the Western World, a wild burlesque, a real erotic cabaret. I give you: Pulsallama.

They are twelve wild women, adorned in a variety of costumes ranging from mock jungle savage to Beatnik cool to carnival clown to pure unidentifiable individual style. They are a tribe, and the show is their tribal stomp, a screaming, singing, let-it-all-loose blow-out, a ritual dedicated to Pagan goddesses of womanly power and fuelled by high spirits and acerbic wit.

The girlish faces of the seven-strong front line light up with undisguised glee as they stomp around, act out, sing, scream and play. But behind them is a very serious five-girl musical core that keeps everything working. Drums, two basses, a synare and a stand-up snares and timbale set. It works, it moves. The sound could be thrown in with today's rhythm-band movement, like Rip Rig And Panic or Pigbag or Konk, but Pulsallama create a brighter, more festive atmosphere, less jazzy and more directly calculated to swivel your hips. Without horns or any other non-percussion instruments, the sound is obviously very rhythm-oriented. But with seven sweet voices to intertwine there's no lack of melody.

Which brings us to the front line and the songs they sing. The Pulsallama girls celebrate a triumphant camaraderie that's an aesthetic opposite to the Boys Together mythmaking of male rock. It's not hostile, there's no freeze-out, it's open, inviting, full of personality and humour. Especially humour. Pulsallama songs are hilarious.

They're mostly the kind of funny that you have to be there for, so I'll just give you some quickly stolen scenes. Like the moment in 'Gross Me Out' when one girl asks *"are these people for real"* and a chorus replies *"I'm afraid so."* Or the brazenly self-referential and very endearing 'Pulsallama On The Rag' and 'What's My Name' *("What's my name / Pulsallama / If you don't like it / Go f--- a llama")*. And the highpoint, 'The Genius Of Jerry Lewis', in which the wild-haired little blonde girl with thick glasses who plays the syndrum comes forward to do a dead-on parody of Jerry Lewis that's so on target it has to knock you over.

Pulsallama are no more than a joke band. The comic effect of the songs might lessen after several hearings, but the joy and abandon they radiate has to keep coming through. They had me simultaneously dancing, screaming and laughing myself into stitches.

Richard Grabel

Wa Pa Cha
Tony Allen
Gilda

London Film-makers Co-op

GILDA ISN'T a very hard act to follow, even if it does feature Rita Hayworth as an embittered hedonist nightclub singer squabbling with and over puppy fatty Glenn Ford in some Godforsaken South American gambling joint. Projected, no doubt, to get people in the Latin mood for Wa Pa Cha, its ersatz Hollywood vibe might have suited any of the other forced fun salsa gang, but this group seems to pride themselves on their authenticity.

And if there's one thing worse than a frivolous, foppish salsa group, it's an earnestly dull one. To look at, they're a rough mix and match of a Wasted Youth guitarist / vocalist and an old jazz rock group. Their one concession to stage presentation — the elbowy cartoon dancing of the aforementioned youth aside — is the jungle vine dangling in front of them.

Would that Wa Pa Cha were really so corny. On the contrary, they take themselves seriously to the point of pomposity — which I guess is no mean feat for a latterday Latin group. They cautiously meander slight melodies endlessly around circular salsa rhythms, then when they can't find the exit they all clatter percussion props until someone rediscovers the original riff to take them up to the fade.

Tepid tempo never was much of a substitute for heat, though a vox-pop count of everyone's feet judges them to be a functional dance group, if nothing else.

This being a benefit party for *Undercurrents* magazine I guess it's churlish of an uninvited guest like me to keep on bitching on. I could say some rotten things about alternative comedian — that means he doesn't have to rehearse — Tony Allen, too, but he eventually proved himself to be wittily adept at adlibbing his way out of messes he'd just gotten himself into, so I won't.

Chris Bohn

Spizzenergi

The Venue

ADMISSION OF failure? sentimental return / taking stock? Spizzenergi's one-off reunion is in effect a brave combination of all three — not to mention a charitable shot in the arm of Rough Trade, who are currently preparing a compilation of Spizz's best and RT's best-selling material, from Spizzoil's '6000 Crazy' through to Athletico Spizz 80's 'No Room'.

That record, like this concerts, will do more for Spizz's reputation than his last incarnation's rushed Spizzles effort, and should explain better to those who only pricked their ears to the later A&M phase of his career what all the fuss was about in the first place. His first LP aside, Spizz's stint with a major was his unhappiest creative phase. He deserved the extra push they should have given him but Spizzenergi's best singles, 'Where's Captain Kirk' and 'Soldier Soldier', were already behind them and as a writer Spizz simply couldn't keep up with the demands A&M made on him. Two LPs in a year? Come on, it took him five to compose those four classic Rough Trade singles and compile the stuff for Athletico Spizz 80's great, grating debut LP 'Do A Runner'.

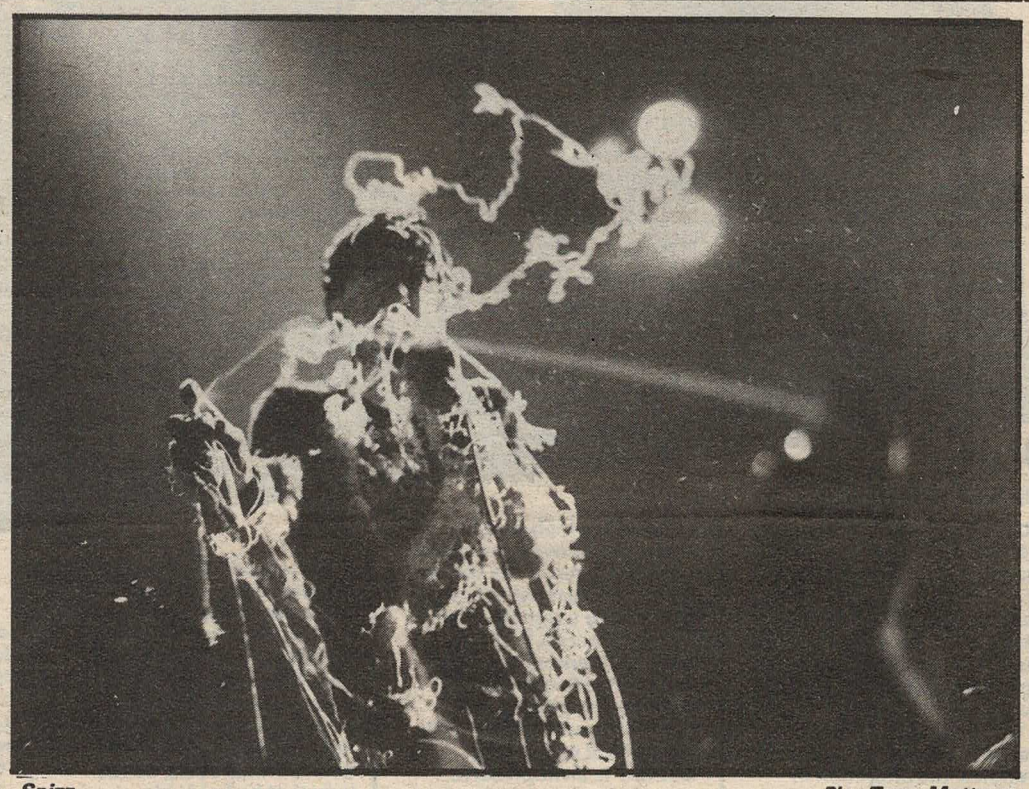
By this time Spizz and pals had metamorphosed from cosmic jokers into a brilliant, brittle metal bastard of Blue Oyster Cult and Norman Wisdom, capable of perpetrating magnificent grotesques like 'Airships' (the concert's highlight). It also marked the uncomfortable transition from devil may care clowns spitting back barbed one-liners at the gobbing punks to self-consciously funny alternating with infantile commentators Spizzles. Whatever, Spizz's lay-off after the collapse of his big business liaisons has done much to restore his vigour and spirit.

Thus the reunion is less a retrospective than a celebration of his best moments, Spizz and guitarist Pete Petrol's miners hats being the evening's one outright concession to memory during the duo's opening reminders of Spizzoil's gleefully unholy row. Once joined by bassist Jim Solar drummer Brian Benzene and record guitarist C.S. Gas they con/form a brusquely efficient, nimble group with enough wit to keep abreast of Spizz's mercurial changes of temperament and speed. Now that Soft Cell's Marc Almond has inherited his wily dwarf persona, Spizz has regressed to the cuddly toy once embraced by both young girls and mohican punks who discerned a hardcore heart beneath the massed guitar noise.

The girls still coo and the punks still gob, Solar pugnaciously and accurately gobs back, Spizz disappears beneath a welter of aerosol Spiderman webbing, bears it all with a grin and the worst between-song patter imaginable, survives the groans to sing 'Where's Captain Kirk?' and 'Soldier Soldier' again. It's not all memories though: two new songs — written to complete the RT collection — are as good as anything he's done before. 'Work' looks on the brighter side of unemployment — late lie-ins, all that leisure time to be gainfully consumed — and 'Megacity 3' continues his jaunty/jaundiced sociological investigation of urban living begun way back on 'Cold City'.

More *Tiswas* than adultish *Over The Top*, Spizz is the sort of eternal juvenile who appeals (or irks, if you don't like children) so long as he acts naturally without playing up or down to an audience. The Spizzenergi reunion sees the group lost in an enterprising fantasy somewhere beyond Warp Factor Three. Not a bad space to occupy.

Chris Bohn



Spizz — *Pic: Tony Mottram*

The wily dwarf returns

Ian Dury's return to the London stage at Christmas had a party-like atmosphere reminiscent of the first Stiff package tour. And old memories didn't end there; rather than being "another concert to promote the new album" this was just a good time, all the hits and more show (which could be why it lasted over two hours).

The old raspberry seemed to have got over the Albertos' spoof of him, as the scarves and other tricks were very much in evidence. The songs were culled mainly from the 'New Boots' era, the set starting with 'Sex And Drugs', a song he said he would never perform again. As it is, these songs are given a new lease of life with the aid of Wilko's reggae-ish R&B guitar adding a new flavour to the songs.

It was a shame they didn't play more of the newer material, though, as 'Superman's Big Sister' and 'Spasticus Autisticus' were the highlights of the show — Dury obviously annoyed not only with the BBC's refusal to play 'Spasticus' but also with the poor response in general to the so-called 'Year of the Disabled'.

David Corio

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Personal Callers are invited to view the above stock plus much more at the Bullet Warehouse at the above address.

LADBROKE GROVE sextet **Brimstone** have a debut album on Belgian release via Brent Clarke's Atra outlet and currently circulating UK specialist shops.

Entitled 'Jah See And Know' (INL 3521), the LP is a nine track set produced by Clarke at Dig It studios in Belgium and featuring mostly guitarist Gus Philip original compositions, plus also rendition of Bob Marley's 'Craven Choke Puppy'.

Extant for four years, Brimstone was borne out of the same nucleus of musicians as produced Aswad and are chiefly known as a club group, as well as providing backing support for many visiting JA acts, most recently Hugh Mundell and Dillinger. The group have two single releases to their credit to date: 'Final Judgement' for Grove Music in 1977 and 'Fancy Living' discomix for Sebastian Clarke's Karnak in 1979

Up on J&L from Brooklyn emerges a debut set from current vogue toaster **Yellow Man** — he of 'Soldier Take Over' and 'Love Strock' notoriety — who delivers a nine track opus recorded at Channel One to the conclusion of 'Them A Mad Over Me' (LPJJ 060).

Also from Brooklyn, newcomer **Carl McDonald** brings forth a pair of self-produced discomixes for his own Makdon label: 'This Love Inside' c/w 'Ready For Love' (MKD 1001); and 'Star' c/w 'Skank It In Rub-A-Dub Style' (MKD 1002)

Brimstone . . . from the Aswad nucleus

OTHER new 12" discomix titles include: **Fenton Smith**, 'Reggae Party' c/w 'Rock Steady Party' (Love Birds LB002) — produced by F Smith & R Anderson; **Eek-A-Mouse**, 'Heroes Dead And Gone' c/w **George Faith**, 'Follow Jah' (EAD 015); **Marjorie Douglas**, 'Now You've Gone' c/w 'If You Never Ever Fall In Love' (TCD DO12) — produced by Desmond Mahoney; **Black Roots**, 'Chanting For Freedom' c/w 'Confusion' and 'What Them A Do' (Nubian NR 0021D); **U Brown**, 'Rukumbine' (GG's Hit); and **Lee Van Cliff**, 'Bam Salute' (Jah Guidance)

Latest 7" pre-release titles from Jamaica include: Eek-A-Mouse, 'Tell Them' (Black & White); **The Historians**, 'Pure & Divine' (TRY); **Don Carlos**, 'Youths In This Time' (Winners); **Horace Martin**, 'Two Lovers' c/w **Tony Asher, Scientist & The Stars**, 'Tribute To Mrs Adina Dakin' (Greedy Puppy); **Ansel Meditation**, 'Stumbling Block' (Scandal); **Mighty Diamonds**, 'Pass The Brim' (G Minor); and **Augustus Pablo**, 'Corner Stone Dub' (Message).

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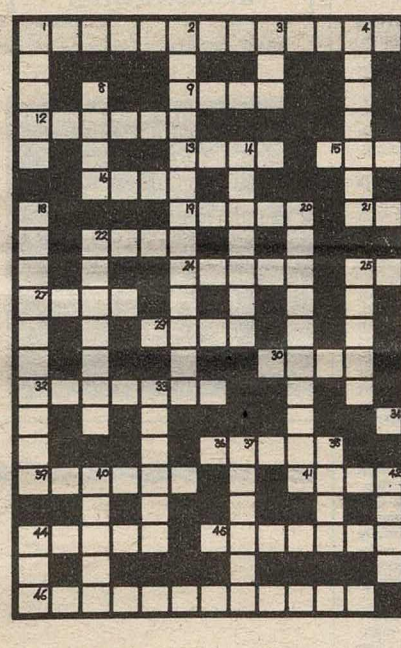

ACROSS
1 Integration c/o The Pointer Sisters (5,3,5).
5 Aptly named brother considering skin colour (6).
9 Phil, who did rehearsals for retirement and stints for *Time out* (4)
10 Lou Reed did his in public (7).
12 Clock DVA's hunger for fluid (6).
13 The Beatles suggest we did this with our love (4).
15 The first name in religion but questionably in music (7).
16 What the song inevitably remains (4).
17 Three million into one? (3).
19 Band originally featuring Chaka Khan (5).
21 Foxy dance of the thirties (4).
22 Banned sixties Corman film described as a psychedelic "8½" (4).
24 Eating with Lydia (5).
25 Toot's tootettes (7).
27 Essence of 14 Down (4).
28 How many lovers was Mary MacGregor torn between? (3).
29 Charming Sid from Kenny (4).
30 Barry came out of it and went straight back into it (4).
31 The green vegetable that swung in the sixties (5).
32 The rhythm of Magazine (7).
34 and 47 across. They ripped off the Beatles money, but who says they can't afford it? (6,7).
36 How the Stray Cats walk (5).
39 Where T. Gristle held their funeral with Len Deighton (6).
41 Chris, one time producer of Roxy Music (6).
44 Melvyn of the South Bank (5).
45 They gave us the sweetest girl (7,7).
46 Is this what you think of Linda Ronstadt? (7,2,3).
47 See 34 across.

DOWN
1 The divine Miss M (5).
2 Where another girl is (7,6).
3 Not was (3).
4 They reduced the clown to tears again (3,4).
6 Pop's values (3).
7 Where the friggin' went on (6).
8 They made 'Dressed to Kill' before de Palma (4).
10 Clare, who has just celebrated a birthday, was in this Bill Forsyth film (4,4).
11 Mr Redding (4).
14 Band out of order (7).
17 Parts of your heart that went zing zing (3,7).
18 Book society/band (6,4).
20 Education's over for Alice Cooper (7,3).
22 German film/Japan album (3,4).
23 The Cure's F.I.R.E. burned there (5).
25 Buddy/———/Davis.
26 Major papa (4,8).
33 Correct spelling of what the spoon was full of (6).
35 One of the three affirmatives from Bill Cosby (3).
37 The creature celebrated in Al Stewart's year (3,3).
38 Talk like what? (4).
40 Where Oshima filmed the senses (5).
42 Love is a walk down this street for Orange Juice (4).
43 Hagen/Simone (4).
44 Marilyn's stop (3).

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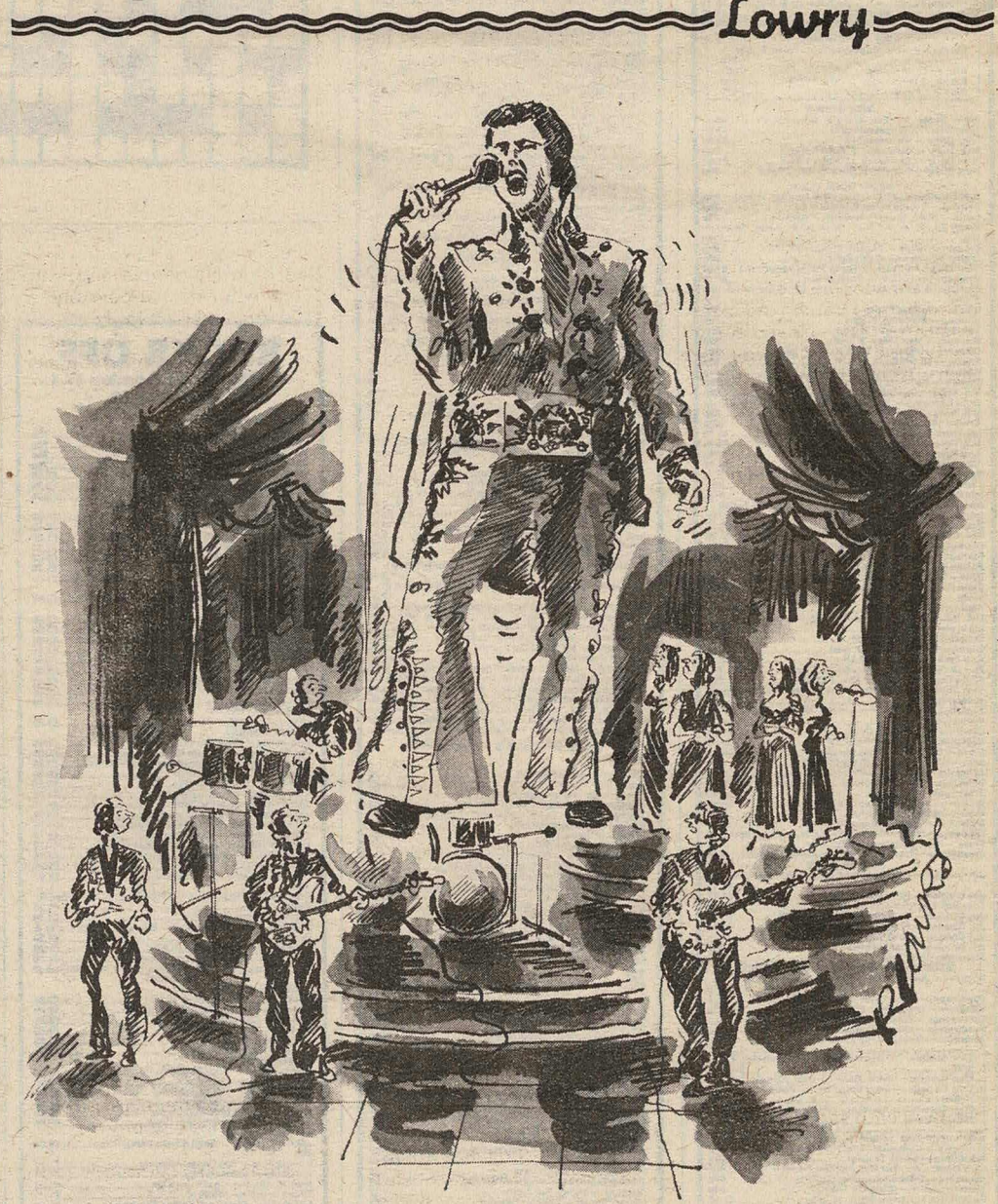


"I told him it was a big mistake putting solar panels on his flares — he's taken off!"

small screen

CHRIS BOHN rounds up the releases, repeats and revelations

Thursday January 7

Ryan's Daughter (David Lean 1970). A travelogue through 1916 Ireland tainted by treacherous love. Bleary-eyed school teacher (ha ha) Robert Mitchum loses leery-eyed Sarah Miles to blue-eyed Brit Officer Christopher Jones. The troubles intrude somewhere, but the only intriguing thing about this luscious mess is how Lean managed to spin it all out to three hours. **(ITV)**

Friday January 8

The Marx Brothers Go West (Edward Buzzell 1940). Too many hiccoughs between the haw haws for it to be classed as one of their best. Whatever the opening Groucho (attempted) finagle and the closing train chase rank alongside their best moments. Make yourself a long cup of coffee in the middle. **(Thames)**

The Family Way (John And Roy Boulting 1966). There's nowt so queer as Lancashire folk, and book reading Hywell Bennett has his miner dad John Mills worried when he fails to consummate his marriage. Stereotypically funny. **(Central)**

The Hound Of The Baskervilles (Sidney Lanfield 1939). Basil Rathbone had all the right features for sniffin' out clues as Sherlock Holmes, but in this post *Goon Show* Moriarty and *Ripping Yarn* world it's impossible to take the detective duo's furrowed brow fanaticism seriously. Don't, snigger instead. **(BBC2)**

Hud (Martin Ritt 1963). Ritt always had more grit before his social conscience was fully developed — if you need proof check the excellent *Hud* against his "concerned" pictures *'(Norma Rae, The Front).* Newman was never better or nastier than as the selfish, sultry sonofabitch, whose nice guy farmer dad — the genial Melvyn Douglas — can't understand where he went wrong. Or maybe he knows only too well. **(BBC1)**

Saturday January 9

No Kidding (Gerald Thomas 1960) Some Will, Some Won't (Duncan Wood 1970). A double dose of the one-dimensional disaster Leslie Phillips represents the nadir of British comedy. Fact: the man is not funny. **(BBC2)**

Gator (??? 1976). Forgetting for a moment that someone told him he is a contemporary Clark Gable (cute smile, gentle comedy), Burt Reynolds reverts to his intelligent beefcake persona to play the convict caught up in exposing a crooked mayor. Watch it for Lauren Hutton. **(ITV)**

Mon Oncle D'Amerique (Alain Resnais 1980). Resnais is one director who totally justifies Monty Smith's hatred of anything with subtitles. French formalist phooey. **(BBC2)**

Sunday January 10

Force 10 From Navarone (Guy Hamilton 1978). Just in case you haven't seen an Alistair Maclean film before the first bad guy you come across turns out to be the good guy, the first good guy becomes the bad guy — whichever way you look at it the viewer's the fall guy. It flopped at the movies and seeing as you deserve better flip over to *The Shootist.* **(ITV)**

The Shootist (Don Siegel 1976). With all the shit Wayne was putting out in his last years, it was a lucky break that his last film turned out to be as great as this. Composed as an elegy to Wayne's on and off-screen persona, he plays an aging ex-gunslinger who retires to small midwest town to die of cancer. For once Wayne acted his age with dignity — guest star James Stewart on the other hand has the white hair to match the good-natured bumbling pensioner he often played in his youth. **(BBC1)**

The Club (Bruce Beresford). Haven't seen this one, but Beresford's other credits *(Breaker Morant* and *Don's Party)* are enough to make me watch it. The subject matter — the mystifying game of Australian football — is an extra plus. **(BBC2)**

Monday January 11

Passage To Marseilles (Michael Curtiz 1944). Curtiz may be the director, Bogart the star but *Casablanca* this ain't. Not a bad yarn though, even if you've heard it often enough before, the twist in this one has the Devil's Island escapees rushing to join up with the Free French forces instead of sitting out the war in relative safety. **(BBC2)**

The Kremlin Letter (John Huston 1970). Richard Boone, Orson Welles, Bibi Anderson and Max Von Sydow all in a mad scramble to get hold of the contract that holds them to appearing in this daft spy thriller. **(Thames)**

Tuesday January 12

The Irishman (Donald Crombie). Continuing BBC2's excellent Australian season, *The Irishman* is a teamster in '20s Northern Queensland, whose problems are tied up in his family rather than his work.

Wednesday January 13

Knock On Wood (Northern Panama 1954). Danny Kaye's the ventriloquist, whose dummy is the carrier of secret plans that could alter the course of the world. Danny Kaye wins to fight another day. The world loses. You spot the dummy — I can't. **(BBC1)**

Prince Of The City (directed by Sidney Lumet). Conscientious New York cop shops his corrupt colleagues regardless of the consequences. The theme's not new, but Lumet's painstakingly accurate and sober approach to a fashionably flip subject is. He knows his New York as well as *Taxi Driver* Scorsese, the difference being with Lumet that you don't need an insider's knowledge of the catechism to get around the guilt complexes. Reviewed 19-26.12.81. **(Warner Brothers)**

Superman (Richard Donner) / Superman II (U. Blitzen). Or I Was A Spaceage Nietzsche Parts One And Two. Fortunately, the makers dumped DC comics' traditional integrity in favour of Marvel's debunking humour. Now, if only Stan Lee would apply the same standard to TV's unspectacular Spiderman. Reviewed 11.4.81. **(Columbia-EMI-Warner).**

An American Werewolf In London (John Landis). Possible prologue: *An American Jackal In Chile.* Suggested Sequel: *An American Vulture In El Salvador.* Reviewed 14.11.81. **(Barber International)**

The Long Good Friday (John MacKenzie). Bob Hoskins has a fine time ruling the London underworld, which, filmed this way isn't that far removed from the Chicago underworld. Hoskins' jumped up East End jerk aspiring to petty bourgeois respectability, complete with sneering wisecracks, is about as British as you can get though, and it's good to find the seedier sides of London being given the aura of a Warner Brothers *Dead End* backlot. Reviewed 7.3.81. **(Handmade)**

The California Dolls (Robert Aldrich). With a storyline about a female down-at-heel tag wrestling team managed by beady-eyed Peter Falk, I'd rather have John Cassavetes directing. Neverthe less, it'll be interesting to note how Aldrich — a director known primarily for the bleak brawlers *The Dirty Dozen, The Mean Machine* and *Kiss Me Deadly* — tackles it all. Reviewed this week.

Arthur (Steve Gordon). Having captured the collective heart of America with *10,* cuddly Dudley Moore went on to consolidate their love with this engagingly frivolous comedy co-starring John Gielgud and Liza Minnelli. A movie in which falling over gets you accepted. Reviewed 19-26.12.81. **(Warner Bros)**

Lili Marleen (Rainer Werner Fassbinder). Hanna Schygulla plays Lilli Von Schtupp, a refugee singer from a Mel Brooks movie who inadvertently wanders into a Fassbinder extravangaza remake of *Springtime For Hitler.* Nobody really knows what's going on or why it went on in the first place. The song's something else though, especially as (badly) breathed by Hanna. To be reviewed next week. In the meantime picket you local cinema until they import R.W.F.'s far superior *Lola.* **(Alpha).**

Mommy Dearest (Frank Perry). Filmed at a pitch of hysteria that Joan Crawford herself would have found difficult to sustain, *Mommie Dearest* is less a bio pic than a Louella Parsons-styled nit picking exercise based on the biography by Joan's dear daughter. Reviewed 5.12.81. **(CIC)**

LPs EXTRA

Eddie T. Pic: David Corio

TENPOLE TUDOR

Let The Four Winds Blow (Stiff)

I REGARD the Tenpoles to be no more nor less than rockaboogie Batchelors in tin costumes. They clearly appeal to the kind of pantomime taste (a majority with no interest in, or little experience of, the true thrills to be found in popular song), relying on a stunningly slow, spiteless sense of nonsense and a deep belief in painless escape through gormlessness. They are the Chicory Tip of the Eighties. What a problem maintaining concentration through two sides of normality and necrophilia.

No participant in an impromptu survey I made with three kids (aged nine, 12 and 14) was familiar with 'Let The Four Winds Blow' except for a few hearings of the single, yet it is clear to them that Eddie and his anti-heroes are, and always will be, the equivalent of that sorry creature, the class buffoon; harmless, slightly amusing, and a necessary butt for derisory humour. This image should not be shattered by the mundane new material which Ye Tudorpoles are forcing upon us here.

They stand, shoddy knights before a ruined castle. They involve a token travelogue element with songs about Bombay and Siam, with suitable musicianly reference points for the less association-minded consumer. They are deliriously unaware or unashamed of the indifference they inspire, inspite of their chart success.

My sample reacted sharply to snide remarks about the mascared delights of Adam's daring work but were happy to agree that Eddie's fervour amounts to little more than Village Idiocy. And that's how they enjoy him.

It's a small comfort to me that today's youth can feel a blend of mild fondness and passive disdain for a beat-troupe who have artlessly provided Mankind with a small step backwards.

Dave Hill

TV21

A Thin Red Line (Deram)

11.42 and 52 seconds. the record opens with a smooth, uncluttered sound of drums, bass and guitar. 11.43 and 28 seconds: a trumpet bursts in. Great! 11.42 and 39 seconds: Julian Cope-style vocals take over: *"And I laugh/And I get confused/And I cry/And I feel abused."* Uh-oh.

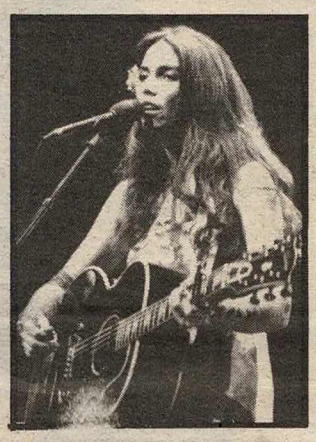
TV21 must hate being compared with The Teardrop Explodes, but such comparisons are inevitable. I can't hear this album without thinking I'd much rather be listening to 'Kilimanjaro.'

Where The Teardrop Explodes touch greatness, it isn't due to their Rat-like striving after a majestic wide-screen technicolor sound, nor is it due to Julian Cope's self-important philosophizing about Love and Life and Death. It's because of their sense of humour, because of the self-deflating bathos of lines like: *"Bless my cotton socks I'm in the news."*

TV21 on the other hand manage to wade through eleven songs about pain, boredom, pointlessness, old-age, fear and helplessness without a hint of humour or humanity anywhere. The lyrics wouldn't look out of place on the back of a Lurkers' album. The vocalist moans in a depressing monotone, tells us how awful life is, and tries to plunge us into misery with him. Don't riot: get depressed!

In short bursts I actually like this album a great deal, especially when the band stop trying to be opera stars and concentrate on producing a sparser. more haunting sound. TV21 are like a packet of Polos — the holes are the best parts. There are at least three great songs on 'A Thin Red Line', and I'd love to hear 'Ticking Away' or 'Attention Span' on daytime radio. With a little push, TV21 could become the next great singles band. Is anybody listening?

Ed Fenton



Emmylou Harris

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS

This Is The Ice Age (Dindisc)

FORGET everything you ever thought before. This is a very different set-up from the decidedly docile Martha And The Muffins. Here, we have a democratic, adventurous new line-up, where everyone chips in, different people sing, and the result is an impossibly varied, and enticingly intangible whole. It's good.

'Swimming', which breaks us into the album is not only some kind of ambiguous masterpiece but says as much as any one track can about the overall tone of the album. It's a beautifully slippery mood piece, set to a straggling syncopation, which bursts into carnal brilliance with the dank, liquid croon of Mark Gane: *"Highly strung like nervous guitars / my fingers make waves in you."*

Following this wickedness, we have a high-stepping, straight beat number laced with harmonies. Though apparently nothing more than a sugary trifle, 'Women Around The World At Work' is a tune with a stiletto up its sleeve. Martha Johnson sings that men are a warmongering menace and that women are left to suffer for it. Her off-hand delivery only sharpens the blade.

Elsewhere, M & TM sketch shivery lost-love songs onto an impressionistic weave of disturbing synths and saxophones. Other parts are pure, pastel instrumental themes and there are jokes, snide asides and bizarre nostalgia too.

Impossibly catholic in form, the record's unifying thread is its strange, modern melancholy.

Whatever, this gripping and gratifying departure from form works, at times, magnificently.

Dave Hill

EMMYLOU HARRIS

Cimarron (Warner Bros)

EMMYLOU'S career has fallen disastrously between stools since 'Pieces Of The Sky' and 'Elite Hotel' had bored critics rushing to look into dopey old country music. Though her records these days contain their helping of shameless kitsch — here it's exemplified in the near-glory of 'The Last Cheater's Waltz', a bourbon-soaked ballroom tale that has the harmonies spiralling into the stratosphere — they're too prim to wallow in it as a Tammy Wynette LP might; but they're also so spin-dried clean they can't muster any sense of outlaw wildness which, however contrived it might be, *can* be located in the misbegotten open spaces of New Country — Terry Allen, Butch Hancock, Joe Ely (though he's turning to rock'n'roll).

Emmylou's is *old* country. She does Springsteen's 'The Price You Pay' as the token countrification of a modern rock song; somebody should have told her (or producer Brian Ahern, who's become a tediously unadventurous Svengali) that that's about as old-fashioned a tune as you can get. But, ho ho, I guess they already know. Authentic as a cigar store Indian.

Otherwise it's the usual Harris menu: gamblers, roses, waltzes and lonesome mornings. Cheque please.

Richard Cook

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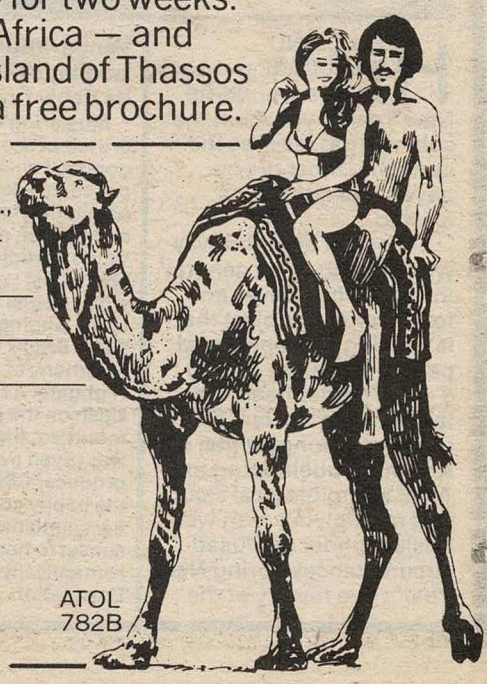

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TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

THERE'S NOTHING HAPPENING is there? Ray Lowry throws up his heroes for *NME*. Witness the amusingly bourgeoise elevation of John Lennon, pre-Army Presley and all the "real" heroes of Lowry's life, to the status of rock'n'roll saint first class. And *NME* indulges him. Some ex *NME* hack writes a "proper book" — let's serialise the thing, who cares how bad it is? Maybe the people who've stopped buying the paper do. *NME* caters for the sophisticated — here's the bullshit kit, no effort is required, go be the bebop kid. Morley knows, but his heart not his tongue is in his mouth.

Where are the journalists who aren't content to sit at the bar waiting for the next entrepreneur's custard pie idea to hit them in the face? Back onto the street *NME*, find out who is making the noise we can hear in the distance. Europe in the 1980s. DAF have been available in the UK for two years but only now is the packaging right. Always positive, always thrilling, not until now could they be considered. Throbbing Gristle lies limp, safe to examine, re-evaluate and refile. Ze we get but Fetish? Art Attack/Warning? New York constantly, but the cities next door? Not in the *NME*. Alan Vega: performs for six or seven years unnoticed by intrepid journalists until he resorts to more conventional methods — he's come of age. He's sick of starving, more likely.

There are too many smug writers at the *NME*, too many passive observers of whatever is wheeled before them. No participants. You must acknowledge the part that you could play in the process by which popular music evolves — commitment. You lead us to believe that you care, but is it not frivolous to print so much of negative worth? We don't need to look at this or that fallen (or propped up) idol just so that we can sneer (or pat them on the back). Forward *NME!* Not through this term's musical atlas and history book, but into the future. Passion, *NME*. Commitment. To new music, expressly.

Tony Stones, Hatfield, Hertfordshire.

Our list of new year resolutions is a mile long, honest. We're employing a special team of talent scouts and starting in the youth clubs. I already have my duffle coat and am to be found evenings in a certain West End espresso bar mewing over The Portable Sartre. — IP

Point of information: NME carried its first piece on DAF some eighteen months ago, our first piece on Throbbing Gristle around three years back. — NS

Interesting to note that our "leading" music paper's dance / disco / dress infatuation is hardly reflected in John Peel's Festive Fifties.

Isn't it about time you stopped knocking Joy Division fans (some of whom can appreciate the like of Cabaret Voltaire, DAF, the Fall, 23 Skidoo, etc) and, at least momentarily lifted your eyes from the dance floor? — Then perhaps you would BETTER represent your readers' diversity of taste — something sadly missing in 1981!

F. Astaire, London NW3.

Ian Burden of The Human League has sagely called the Peel Shoe "the Jim'll Fix It" of radio programmes and there *is* something slightly depressing (or certainly depressed, as Peel himself was at great pains to tell us frequently throughout '81) behind the apparent 'diversity'; i.e., 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' becomes the new 'Stairway To Heaven' and so much of what Peel plugs is the dour new 'progressive' alternative to daytime pop, so hugely occupied recently by things of sparkling thrill and surprise. Someone once said that ideally existentialism should be "a mood not a chapel". That could well be heeded as a guideline for rock / pop appreciation. — IP

TRUE CONFESSIONS

So Monty Smith has finally come out of the closet — **WHAT? This is the first we've heard about such a thing; so that's why he's taken those two weeks off. . . — IP**

So Monty Smith has finally come out of the closet — **Look, should we go with this one or wait till he gets back? I mean, this is momentous turnaround stuff. . . IP**

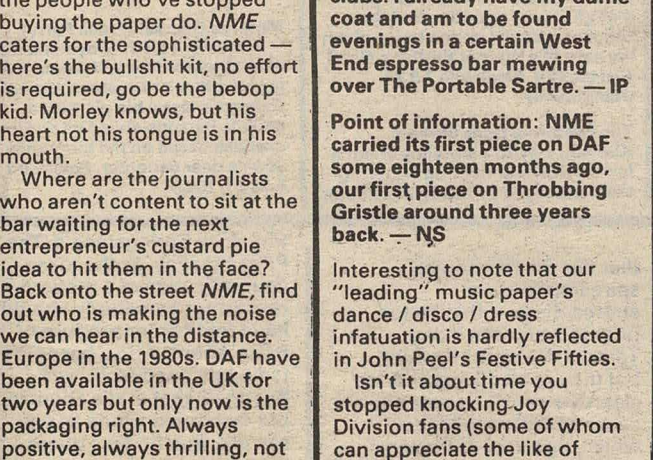
So Monty Smith has finally come out of the closet and admitted his support for Gillingham F.C. — **I think you could have phrased that a little better. For a moment there, I feared the worst — a swing to Roger Corman and Paul Morrisey, no more "lunch" times. . . — IP**

So Monty Smith has finally come out of the closet, and admitted his support for Gillingham FC. No accounting for taste! But what the **** does that **** head mean by listing Swindon FC, the pride of the West Country, as a CON of '81? OK, there may be more important battles to be won, like the end of Thatchism, but when he labels them alongside the SDP you've got to react.

Well Monty, we'll all see you down at the County ground. Or is it too much to expect any Gillingham supporters this year? Thoughts for '82? Relegation for Gillingham, life imprisonment for Ken Price, freedom for Wiltshire.

Bill Bryant, The Wiltshire Wizards No 1 Supporter.

I'm, er, firmly behind you with regards to this one. Swindon is a sweet little place, birthplace of many revolutionary semiological observer. But what is 'Thatchism'? — IP



T-ZERS

With added beef.

HELLO AND WELCOME and once again a wonderful New Year to you from the column that reaches the parts that most of you never ever knew existed . . .

Let's start straightaway with an item of no general interest whatsoever and touch upon a subject that is causing great personal pain to someone dear to *T-Zers'* tender heart. Yes, **Ian Penman** has lost his raincoat. A long, white, Italian mac belonging to *NME's* semiological sleuth and multiplying man was mislaid under confused circumstances during New Year's Eve revelry at the Venue. Information leading to its recovery will be richly rewarded . . .

Mustering what remnants are left of the season of goodwill and with barely a pause to catch your palpitating breath, come swoop with me, down to the White Wedding of the century, well of last week anyway, when **Suggs** plighted his troth to his singing sweetheart **Bette Bright** in a "secret" ceremony at St Luke's Church, Highgate. As snow fell and the slush on the pavements mounted, the blushing bride was given away by **Madness** producer **Clive Langer**, then the happy couple slipped away into the bleak winter sunset to honeymoon in a romantically Secret Destination . . .

And with wearing white and romance in mind, let's just say to **Sting** that no-one, but *no-one*, with the possible exception of **Phil McNeill** who knows everything anyway, understood that tortuous three-hour epic *Artemis 81* in which the prettiest Policeman was somewhat hopefully cast as the angel **Gabriel**. Assumed divinity is not a defence against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune as the Sexy Blond Superstar shortly discovered. On the set of **Dennis Potter's** *Brimstone and Treacle* and this time playing a possible emissary of **The Devil**, Sting stuck his hand through a plate-glass window and nastily injured his bass-playing paw. **Andy Summers**, meanwhile, has been touring in the company of a kidney machine after being taken to hospital with a kidney stone . . .

AT THIS POINT we interrupt this column with a motoring flash, if you'll forgive the expression, for anyone travelling in the vicinity of San Diego. If you see someone hitching a lift wearing tight trousers and an outmoded hairstyle, don't stop — it could be **Rod Stewart**. The Unsexy Blond Superstar recently spent five minutes thumbing it on the roadside after his van had blown a tyre, and *T-Zers* is pleased to report that the sensible Californian drivers showed absolutely no inclination to pick him up . . .

Still with the transatlantic *T-Zer* that has swiftly transported you 'Stateside, let us pause and ponder for a moment the New Year's list of that far-famed old hippie paper *Rolling Stone*. According to their oracles, absolutely nothing new happened to music during '81, to which we can only suggest that they get out of their armchairs and actually venture out once in a while . . .

On the subject of more fruitful cross-cultural collaborations let us relate in quick succession that **Jackie Onassis** has been shopping for records in Bonapartes, New York, where she showed considerable sense by purchasing a copy of **Soft Cell's** 'Tainted Love' the boho journal *Soho Weekly News* is up for sale with *Time Out's* **Tony Elliott** rumoured to be interested in buying; **Ari Up** has arrived in Jamaica with **Prince Far I** and his wife after the Slits split; last but certainly not the least intriguing is the softly whispered gossip that **Frank Sinatra** allegedly wants **David Bowie** to play his lifestory . . .

Sincere commiserations to shy, retiring **Kosmo Vinyl** who flew all the way back to Britain from America where **The Clash** are recording at the Electric Ladyland studios, especially for *NME's* Christmas party, and then flew all the way back again when he found out there wasn't one. Or that's what we told him anyway . . .

And now, with some free fashion advice from the column that offers its readers almost every service, let us flit first to **Midge Ure**, leather-clad biker extraordinaire on TV's *Pop Quiz*, who, it is unkindly rumoured, bore more than a passing resemblance to **Sid Snot**. From thence, half a **League** onwards to electro-pop hearthrob **Phil Oakey** and his appearance on the adult (although you would be forgiven for thinking otherwise) version of *TISWAS, Over The Top*. The long side of Phil's meticulously conditioned tresses were twisted in a most unseemly sort of plait. And we here at *T-Zers* are positive that Phil's manly frame does not need the added boost of those dreadfully dated high heels . . .

Anyone unfortunate enough to be sitting at home at eleven o'clock on a Saturday evening will now be able to view the aforementioned *OTT*, if, of course, you labour under a similar misapprehension that added smut and various degrees of unappealing nudity, somehow make adult fare of kiddies comedy . . .

If on the other hand it is a more convivial evening's entertainment that you seek, then London readers will be able to avail themselves of the new **Beet Bop Club** opening on 15 January at the London Musicians Collective premises at 12, Gloucester Avenue NW1. Dance music will range from American '40s jazz to African rhythms to modern interpretations, groups put on will be in the range covered by the **Rip Rigs, Skidoos, Clock DVAs, Gorps** and **Pigbags**, and a jazz cafe atmosphere is aimed to be generated . . .

FOLLOWING our annual broadside of *T-zers Awards* in last week's issue, this column would like to make a special early start to the 1982 awards by presenting heavy rock apologist **Deaf Bartool** The First Annual **Ronald Reagan** spent napalm cannister and water pistol for services to be the armaments industry for his remarks in last week's *Snouts*, where the cloth-eared fool went on record as saying that in '82."

"The scaremongering CND will continue to bore us to tears with its half-baked, completely impractical and oh-so-intense new hippie ideas. But now there's an alternative . . . Yeah, more nukes. I wanna go up with the biggest bang possible!" Mr Bartoid is 54 . . .

Yet another new London club night begins next Monday when The Gargoyle Club, up top of Billy's in Soho's Meard Street, plays

Midge gives the boys a thrill.

Christos unveils Rondo's style 82.

Suzanne shows off the League's new look.

GOD AND OTHER SLOTS

I'm afraid to inform you that this letter is a direct knock at one of your so called journalists, Miss Penny Reel and her insinuating, ludicrous article on Cliff Richard *(5/12/81)*. The Cliff documentaries are the best thing on television since *Pop Quiz* hosted by Mmmm.... Mike Read. I cannot comprehend how the woman has the audacity to criticise everything and everyone featured in them. I might have guessed, had I been presumptuuous, that a good, clean-living, Christian singer that does not swear and spit ('gob' in your language!) would not exactly get a decent write up in your incessantly crude paper, but the woman could have at least got her facts right — it's "you can't get to Heaven by *living* like Hell", not *singing* (subtle difference, eh?). Well, in my eyes Cliff's the greatest. And here's a small suggestion — why don't all of you at *NME* go and see the guy in concert; that is if you can stand a night of being fairly sane human beings!
Fiona Shaw (Miss).
Granted, but it was my experience in 1981 that going to Heaven always entailed living like Hell . . . and feeling like hell the next day. — IP

Rock and roll will die as long as there are bigoted journalists who worked for the *NME*. I have just read Dave Hill's nullifying review of Cliff Richard's Hammersmith Odeon concert. His remarks about pop music as a weapon of change must have them laughing in the aisles in Whitehall. They can probably remember the kiss of death the modern cinema got when movies came to reflect social change and entertainment became a secondary consideration. Admittedly, TV has been the chief cause of the cinema's downfall, but surely this may have been countered if producers had stuck to their guns?

Rock and roll, or rock music as the enlightened prefer to dub it, seems destined for a similar fate as soon as a viable alternative can be found. Reviews like Dave Hill's only seem to drive another nail into the coffin. Alright, so Cliff is not interested in using rock and roll as a vehicle of change, but I think like me he is too much in love with it to see it exploited and be a party to its ultimate downfall. I think his sentiments are with U2 when they wrote "I can change the world if I rejoice" with a capital 'R'.
Mark Falla, Guernsey.
Yes, I too find that my world changes when I "rejoice"; sometimes, as on New Year's Eve, it disappears altogether. — IP

I am a great believer in life's pleasures and I feel that the present system of our state needs a categoric change in fortitude. I am, of course, referring to the current 'churn' of television programmes which are put out by both the ITV and BBC companies — this is not a monopoly, you see. I sometimes sit at home watching the box and I'll suddenly scream because of the lack of decency tuning out from our square shaped coloured one. I believe it is time to show the old classic programmes again, the things I was brought up on. I am, of course, refering to legendaries such as *Belle & Sebastian, White Horses* and *Robinson Crusoe*. I hope someone at the BBC takes note of this and puts on these programmes.
Ben Teen.
C'mon, we can't really complain, what with reruns of inestimable value such as *Bilko, Rockford Files, Kojak,* the recently finished *Likely Lads, Thunderbirds, Kung Fu, Hazell, Minder,* last year's *Coronation Streets* and *Doctor Whos* and the odd surprise gem like Sunday past's *Z Cars*. Repeats — phew! — IP

On the 2nd Jan '82 a new TV company — "TV5" took over programme planning for the South. One of the effects of this was the axing of *Tiswas* in favour of a new show called *No. 73*. I would, through the letters page of your paper, like to appeal to estranged *Tiswas* viewers in the South to write and complain to: *"Lemon of the Week,* TV5, The Television Centre, Southampton SO9 5HZ", this being another new series on TV5 where viewers are invited to write in and complain "if you are being cheated" (quoted from *TV Times).* On 9/1/82 about 20 or 30 angry *Tiswas* viewers from Bournemouth are going to go and picket the TV Centre from 10.00 am to 12.30 and could do with a bit of support from local viewers. Thanks for the space.
Dave O' Brave, Bournemouth.
I dunno about your problems, but if the opening shot was anything to go by, I wish that LWT would take off Chris Tarrant's *Over The Top* in favour of something more entertaining — a test card, for instance. — IP

Letters edited by Ian Penman

(above, getting semiological close shave and thoroughly modern mohican).

MINI CONS

Re: Julie Burchill's Natalie Wood Obituary, *12/12/81*, paragraph 9. A good enough point to clinch a boozy gossip-column party argument. But tell us Julie, what is "faggot logic"? Is it that of the pagan herbalist scorched, or of the homosexual burning in place of one such bundle? Or that of reconstituted meat balls, perhaps? Your writing is offensive and it is too consistent to be careless. Is the violence of your diagnosis a symptom of the same disease?
Ideologically Unsound.
The phrase "faggot logic," I would gauge, is not so much anti-homosexual as evidence of a distaste for that strain of pretentious 'camp' cinematic sensibility which aspires to short-term trendiness over long-term assessment, quirkiness over quality, the slack shock over the solidly sublime . . . . But I could be wrong. — IP

Excellent! Well done! 'Slalom' one shave disposable blades are a sure winner! Profile, Contour, all knocked into a cocked hat. What a shame Danny Baker failed to mention after-shave lotions, however. Brut, Pagan Man, Blue Stratos, Old Spice — all useless. Where is the odourless lotion all right-thinking folk crave for? Vodka is no good — too dear and the impurities that give you hangovers clog the pores. So far Pure Polish Spirit and Irish Poteen (pronounced *pochain)* lead the field although both are bloody difficult to get hold of, especially the Polish stuff. Odourless anti-perspirant is another problem, Amplex Original Roll-on being streets ahead in a poor selection, although Vodka can again be used at a pinch.

Call me a misery guts if you must, but frankly *NME's* coverage of such matters is pretty slack, let's face it. Clearasil rarely merits a mention and Athlete's Foot Powder articles went out with Frank Zappa front covers. Toothpaste is central to what young people of today are thinking i.e., "shall I buy some toothpaste?" etc.

Is this an editorial policy?
S. Blaisdale, Southend Essex.
Is this a "joke" of some kind? — I.P.

So *NME* has joined the Defend Solidarity Against the Polish Military campaign (back cover *2.1.82*). OK, so the Polish government has cracked down upon the union and its people. I'm not saying that it is forgivable for this action, but why jump on the band wagon? I've never seen an *NME* with a back cover dedicated to the people fighting in El Salvador (or any other country) where people are murdered every day by a fascist dictator who is supported financially, militarily and morally by the USA. Of course, it's trendy to support Solidarity now and *NME* wouldn't dream of missing any chance of being a little more hip.
Fidel Castro, Cuba.

If any statement of moral support is going to be interpreted as 'trendy', and lack of same as uncaring, then cynics like you will never be satisifed. Back to your own political prisoners, Fidel. — NS

host to **The Rap Club,** where sundry folks will be incanting their fave wordy compositions to sundry rhythms. All rappers, toasters and other big mouths welcome . . .

Following his appearance on this page last week former **Pop Grouper Mark Stewart's** new group made an auspicious debut on new year's eve, with the old loony yelling his militant lyrics over some formidable reggae rhythms. On the same bill celebrated scouse poet **Malcolm,** who performs with drum accompaniment, and who had passed up the frigging *Zoo* Club for the bash, managed to offend just about everyone with a churlish display of ill temper ("You're all scum," he yowled as the plug was ceremoniously pulled), though the show was perhaps deftly stolen by Bristol trio **Mouth,** who tell us "our only lyrics are 'Take your coat off if you're hot'" . . .

Fond farewells and a wave of the pallete to *NME* designer and artist **Caramel Crunch** — real name **Yolanda Nutcluster** — who leaves her job as resident letraset drudge and canvas stretcher for the joysome pastures of freelance artistic life . . .

The Beat talking about a European anti-nuke summer festival which would bring together bands and fans from both sides of the iron curtain . . .

"SYNTHESISER BANDS are here to stay" — it's official, as pronounced in *The Star's* Top Pops for 1982. **Depeche Mode** may be modestly surprised to find themselves credited in the selfsame article as "Inspiring the electronic revolution". Be that as it may, or may not, be, the beautiful boys from Basildon release their first single written without the recently departed **Vince Clarke** at the end of the month, and it's called 'See You'. Meanwhile that other Mute protege **Boyd** 'Non' **Rice** has a new 12 inch single out about now, which was recorded, like *T-Zers,* in Berlin, London and San Diego. Unlike his previous masterpieces, this one has just the one centre and conventional — instead of looped — grooves. But don't let that deter you . . .

Hence to the wierd ceremonial processes of the creative musician whose angst-ridden rituals remain shrouded in mystery. Witness **Ross Middleton,** aesthete, intellectual and ex-instigator of **Positive Noise,** and his joint efforts with **Gary Barnacle** on a single called 'Love Cascade' under the name **Leisure Process International.** Although pronounced quite wonderful by those who have heard it, the fated '45 has been yet again re-emerged in **Martin Rushent's** fabled studios. While its release is still awaited with bated breath, Ross is reading *White Hotel* by **D. M. Thomas,** plus a vast list of other erudite works that even your well-versed *T-Zer* contemplates in confusion . . .

Photo: Alean S. Adler.

Born to be wild: Rod onstage with his kids Sean and Kimberley.

Yet another representative of the professorial profession who has turned his attention to rock, only this time it's rap. **Brother D,** the man who made 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise', tells *T-Zers* he first got a taste for it while teaching . . .

And at last we come to the *T-Zers* section in which blushes abound and a man is unmasked. That bereted *Rive Gauche chanteur* **Vaughn Toulouse** is known when he's at home as **Vaughn Collier,** which hasn't got nearly such a fancy Gallic ring to it . . .

To finish, an item guaranteed to make you go green. Let me love you and leave you with the thought that while we froze in a festive New Year's flurry of snow, slush and fog, New York was alive with the sound of clubland, which featured **Grace Jones** at Le Moche, **Kid Creole and The Coconuts** at the Ritz, **James Chance** at the Mudd Club, **Bow Wow Wow** at the Diplomat, **The Nitecaps** at CBGs, **Pig Bag** at Irving Plaza, **Pulsallama** at Club 57, **The Raybeats** at Peppermint Lounge, **Human Switchboard** at Maxwell's, ad almost infinitum . . .

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